THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
DEADPOOL
DUGGAN
LOLLI
KOBLISH
"There're a lot of great things coming for the future of Deadpool!"
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DEADPOOL VS. SABRETOOTH
MARVEL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

DEADPOOL

"DEADPOOL vs. SABRETOOTH"

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ALL
RED

Avenger...Assassin...Superstar...Smelly person...Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

OH, HEY THERE--DEADPOOL HERE! YOU KNOW--THE MERC WITH THE MOVIE.
MAN--LAST ISSUE WAS A BIG ONE.
NOT BECAUSE IT WAS MY 25TH ANNIVERSARY.
NOT BECAUSE YOU ALL GOT TO KNOW MY EMPLOYEES, THE MERCS FOR MONEY--SLAPSTICK, SOLO, MASACRE, FOOLKILLER, TERROR AND STINGRAY--A LITTLE BETTER.
AND NOT BECAUSE WE SPOILED HARRY POTTER AND THE HALF-BLOOD PRINCE.
NO, IT WAS A BIG ISSUE BECAUSE I FOUND OUT SABRETOOTH WAS INVOLVED IN THE DEATH OF MY FAMILY.
THE ONLY PROBLEM? I'M UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT MEANS HE KILLED THEM...WHEN REALLY HE WAS JUST WATCHING WHILE I KILLED MY PARENTS.
THAT MIGHT CAUSE SOME TROUBLE, MAYBE.
THE ADVENTURES OF
KittyPooL
DEADPOOL
25TH ANNIVERSARY!

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

SLAPSTICK
IN LITTLE ITALY
¡GRACIAS!
THESE NO-GOOD IRISH WILL NOT COME AROUND ANYMORE, I THINK.
UH. DID YOU GET PUNCHED IN YOUR EYES?
SOLO
AT THE MET
THANK YOU SO MUCH! WE'D HAVE LOST EVERYTHING TONIGHT IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU.
MASACRE
AT THE PORT OF LOS ANGELES
¡BUENO!
ESTAN LIBRES DE PERSEGUIR SU PROPIA JUSTICIA.

STINGRAY
IN DUBAI
THIS IS STINGRAY. ALL CLEAR FROM THE NEST.
FOOLKILLER
IN LONDON
YOU CAN'T KEEP US APART! I'LL EAT HER! YOU HEAR ME?
I'LL EAT HER UP!
YEAH, WELL LADY HOOHA'S NOT GONNA BE SO EDIBLE WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THE CAN IN 25 TO LIFE.
TERROR
IN HONG KONG
I TRUST YOU HAD NO TROUBLE?
I DID HAVE SOME TROUBLE, BUT NOTHING THAT WILL EVER BE DUG UP IN OUR LIFETIME.
EXCELLENT. THANK YOU FOR ESCORTING MY PROPERTY BACK TO ME.
"HAPPY PAY-DAY, FELLAS."

SCHAEFER THEATER.
THE NEXT DAY...
THIS IS A NICE CHANGE OF PACE.
YEAH, USUALLY WE HAVE TO FIGHT DEADPOOL FOR OUR MONEY.
NOT THAT HE'S TRYING TO STEAL FROM US--HE'S JUST NOT VERY ORGANIZED.
WELL, THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE. MY NAME'S SCOTT ADSIT, AND DEADPOOL'S ASKED ME TO JOIN MERCS FOR MONEY IN AN ORGANIZATIONAL AND TACTICAL CAPACITY.
I HAVE OVER 15 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN LAW ENFORCEMENT, INCLUDING 10 YEARS AT S.H.I.E.L.D.
AS YOU KNOW DEADPOOL HAS HAD TO STEP AWAY FROM THE COMPANY TO DEAL WITH A PERSONAL MATTER.
WELL, HE KNOWS I'M ON MY WAY TO BECOMING A THERAPIST, AND THE ONE THING I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT DEADPOOL'S HEAD IS THAT--
HEY, WHAT ABOUT FAKE DOCTOR/REAL PATIENT CONFIDENTIALITY?
FINE. I WON'T SHARE MY OBSERVATIONS ON THE MAN WE'VE ALL ENTRUSTED OUR LIVELIHOODS TO...

BUTLER'S Medical Supply
"ALLS I'LL SAY IS THAT HE SAID HE WAS SEEING HIS OLD DOCTOR..."
THE END IS NEAR!
AHOY!
I remember this place, too. Not much fun, if I recall...
...but maybe you remember differently?
FUP FUP

I'M DONE TALKING TO YOU, MADCAP.
HA-HA-HA-HA!
Well, this is weird.
NO, I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN ALMOST A WEEK, SO THE HALLUCINATIONS HAVE ME NOW.
HUHN.
Ooh, did you find a clue?
SHUT IT.
IF THE GUY THAT LEFT THIS PRINT IS STILL ALIVE...

"...I'M GONNA MAKE HIM WISH HE WAS DEAD."
GIRLS LIVE 24 H
ANGEL'S CLUB
I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE A CARD-CARRYING MEMBER OF POWER PACK...

KLS
PRIVATE CLUB MASSAGES
...MOVE ALONG, FREAK.
ARE YOU A RIGHTY OR A LEFTY?

WHUNK
WUDD
DON'T PASS OUT NOW. YOU'D LIKELY RUPTURE THE ARTERIES I WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF AVOIDING.
PUH-PLEASE...
SHH.
SHHH
WELL, YOU'RE A RIGHTY NOW.
AEEeeeeeh!

I'M HERE FOR MICHAEL LOGUE. HIS NAME IS ON THE DEED.
AND ANYONE THAT'S BEING HELD HERE AGAINST THEIR WILL--RAISE YOUR HAND.
AS I THOUGHT.
PICK UP WHAT YOU CAN, AND RUN.
HEY!
HANG ON A MIN--
IF YOUR NAME ISN'T MICHAEL LOGUE, DO NOT SPEAK.
WHOKK
YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY, MISTER.
HEY, LOGUE! GET OUT HERE!
WHO THE HELL IS INTERRUPTIN'--

YUH-YOU!
AH.
I CAN SEE WE ARE *ACQUAINTED.* FORGIVE ME FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO RECALL OUR EVER HAVING MET.
DON'T HURT ME!
PUH-PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.
EVERYONE NOT NAMED MICHAEL LOGUE--*LEAVE.*
HO-HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
YOUR PRINTS WERE AT ONE OF BUTLER'S FRONT COMPANIES.
NO MORE QUESTIONS.
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, START AT THE BEGINNING.
BUTLER HIRED ME AND SOME SERVICE BUDDIES TO BAG AND TAG YOU...FRUH-FROM TIME TO TIME.
HE SAID...HE SAID YOU'D NEVER REMEMBER.
WHEN DID YOU MEET BUTLER, AND HOW LONG DID YOU WORK FOR HIM?
I--UH.

YEAAANNG.
GKK.
WUMP
HENHNHH
SERIOUSLY?!

BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
PLEASE, YOU JUST HAVE TO SAVE MY FRIEND!
WE'LL DO OUR BEST, SIR!
YOUR VIGOROUS MOUTH-TO-MOUTH LIKELY SAVED HIS LIFE.
AMBULANCE
AWESOME!
TELL NO ONE.
HE'S CONSCIOUS AND RESPONSIVE.
YOU SAVED ME?!
I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD DIE YET.
GAK!
DO NOT LEAVE OUT A SINGLE NAME, DATE, OR DESCRIPTION. START WITH THE FIRST DAY OF YOUR EMPLOYMENT WITH BUTLER TO THE LAST.
ESPECIALLY HITS I DID IN CANADA.
YOU'RE GONNA BUY A JOURNAL AND WRITE DOWN EVERYTHING YOU CAN REMEMBER.
YEAH, YEAH--OKAY, MAN.

I REMEMBER THERE WERE *TWO* OF YOU THAT TIME.
...
SORRY?
I WAS WITH SOMEONE ELSE? WHO WAS THE OTHER GUY? WAS IT SABRETOOTH?
HEY, MAN-- HE'S HAVING A CARDIAC EMERGENCY-- LEAVE HIM ALONE!
SORRY!
AMBU
WRITE EVERYTHING DOWN. I'LL BE BACK FOR THE BOOK WHEN I RETURN FROM CANADA.
YEAAOOOW!!
AMBULANCE

I RIDE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS.

I UNDERSTAND WHAT LOGAN SAW IN THESE BIKES.

KEEP OUT CONDEMNED

THE RIDE CLEARS MY MIND...BUT THE PIT IN MY STOMACH GROWS DEEPER.

I KNOW WHATEVER I'M RACING TOWARDS IS GONNA BE BAD.

I HAVE A *LAYUP* FOR YOU.

YOU PICK 'EM, I STICK 'EM.

YOU CHOOSE 'EM, I BRUISE 'EM.

YOU AIM...

"...I *FLAME.*"

HUHN.

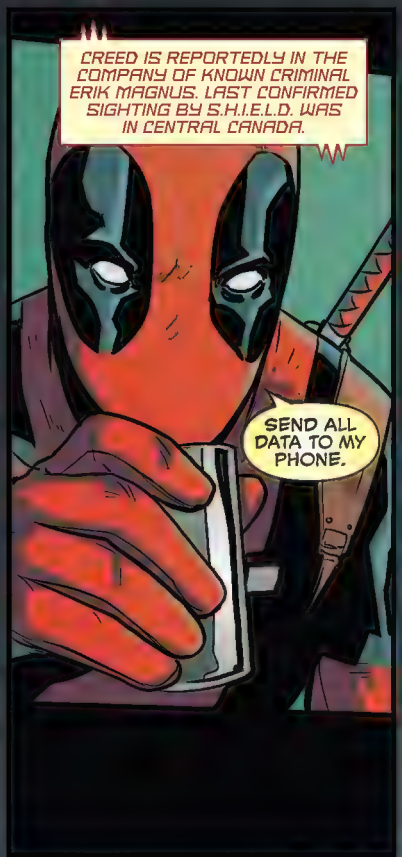
IN ANOTHER LIFE, I THINK I LIVED HERE.

THIS TOWN IS SIMULTANEOUSLY WELCOMING AND REPULSIVE.

A COMEDY CLUB...
...IF I SUDDENLY REMEMBER I USED TO BE A PROP COMIC... THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER FIRE.
I'M BUYING THE BOTTLE.
"IT'S OKAY TO WASH OUT, DEADPOOL."
I'LL JUST TELL BUTLER YOU'RE NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS LIFE.
YEAAAANGH!
SKREEASH
WHO THE HELL DO YE THINK YOU ARE, MAN?!

IDENTITY CONFIRMED. WELCOME AVENGERS MEMBER DEADPOOL.
THOSE ARE WORDS YOU THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER SAY, RIGHT, JARVIS?
AVENGERS
WITH DEADPOOL

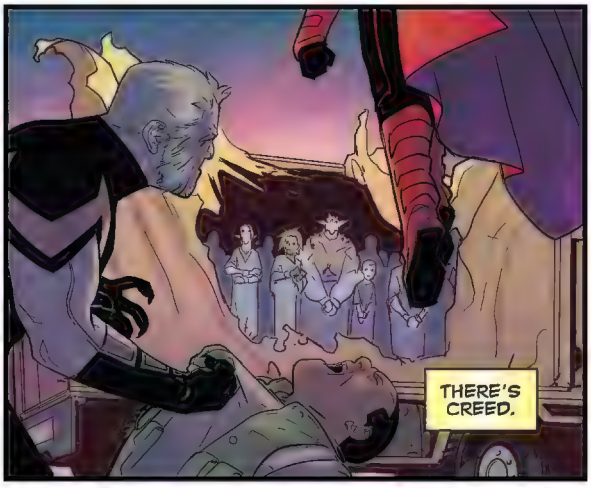
IF YOU SAY SO, SIR.
HEHN. THAT WILL NEVER GET OLD.
I NEED THE CURRENT WHEREABOUTS OF VICTOR CREED.
STAND BY.. PROBABLE LOCATION FOUND.


CREED IS REPORTEDLY IN THE COMPANY OF KNOWN CRIMINAL ERIK MAGNUS. LAST CONFIRMED SIGHTING BY S.H.I.E.L.D. WAS IN CENTRAL CANADA.
SEND ALL DATA TO MY PHONE.

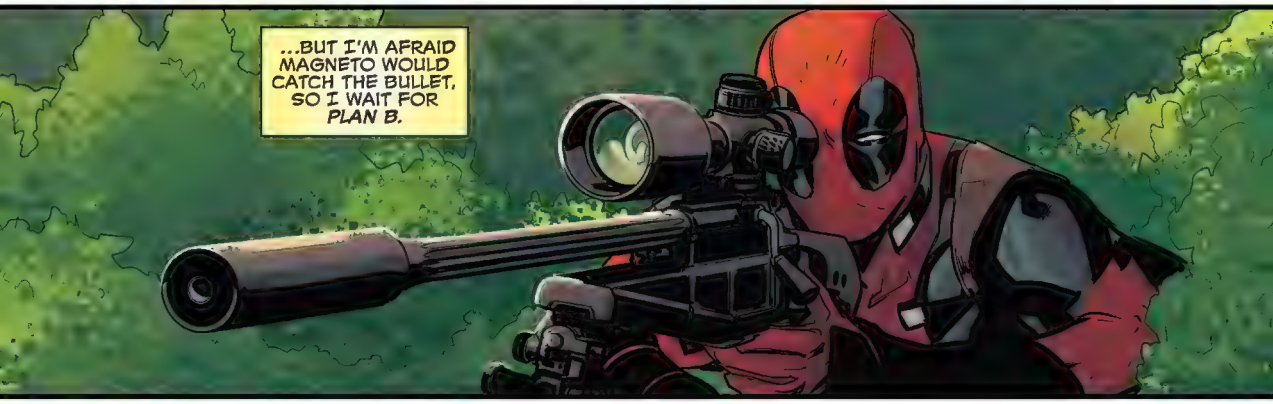
CREED'S AVENGERS STATUS IS UNDETERMINED. HOWEVER, I CAN CONTACT HIM IF YOU--
NO NEED TO CONTACT ANYONE. I'M TAKING SOME PERSONAL TIME.

VERY WELL, SIR.
I TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL ME THAT.
...
VERY WELL, "MY DOPE-ASS FRESH PRINCE."
DAMN STRAIGHT.

FOR SOME REASON THE X-MEN ARE ALWAYS *SURPRISED* WHEN YOU FIND THEM.
LIKE I CAN'T FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF RIPPED METAL AND SHREDDED BODIES.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE DING-DONGS DID TO PISS OFF THE X-MEN, BUT THEY'RE LEARNING THEIR LESSON.


THERE'S CREED.

I THINK I CAN CORRECT FOR WIND FROM THIS DISTANCE...


...BUT I'M AFRAID MAGNETO WOULD CATCH THE BULLET, SO I WAIT FOR *PLAN B.*

PLAN B IS PRETTY SIMPLE.
I CAME UP WITH IT WHILE DRINKING IN A BAR. I WAS ARGUING THAT YOU COULD KILL WOLVERINE BY DECAPITATING HIM AND DISSOLVING HIS HEAD IN ACID.
RINSE AND REPEAT AS NECESSARY.
I FORGET WHO THOUGHT THAT WAS A STUPID PLAN... I *THINK* IT WAS LOGAN.
ANYWAY, HE ALWAYS RODE AROUND ON THOSE MOTORCYCLES AND I SAID ALL I WOULD NEED IS A LITTLE PIANO WIRE AND A TINY DOG CARRIER.
AND LOGAN STARTED BITCHING ABOUT HOW LIFE WASN'T A CARTOON.

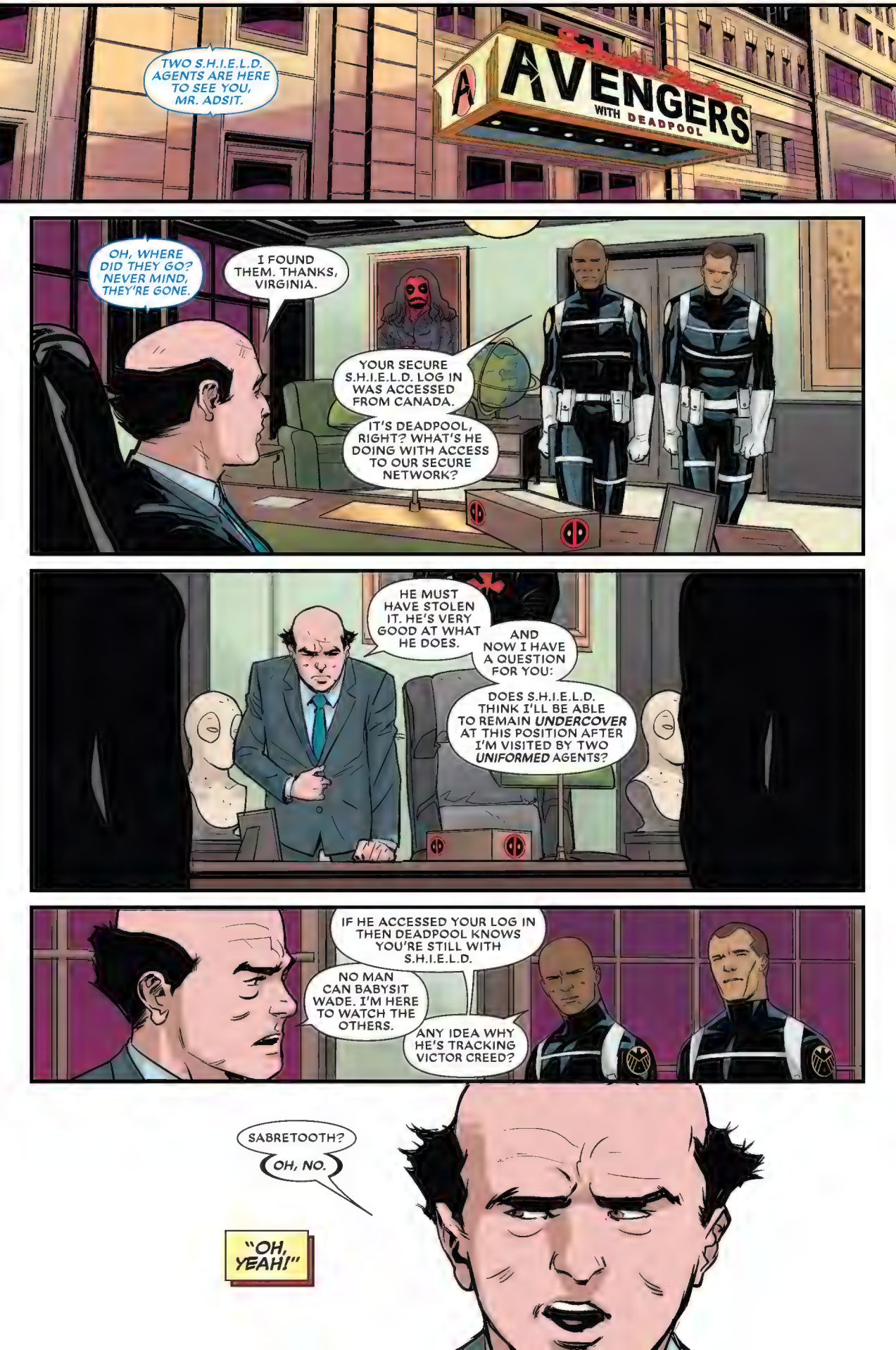
I SWORE IT'D KILL HIM.
UGH. CREED LOOKS LIKE A PEZ DISPENSER, NOT A HEADLESS BODY.
AAENNGH!
I'M GLAD LOGAN'S NOT AROUND TO GLOAT ABOUT BEING RIGHT.

THE WIRE WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE YOU THE OL' "GEORGE R.R. MARTIN HAIRCUT."
TAKE TWO!
<GASP>
<GURGLE>
DON'T TALK.
NOT BECAUSE YOU CAN'T. I JUST DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.
I REMEMBER.
I FINALLY REMEMBER THE TRUTH.

YOU KILLED MY FAMILY.

#8 story thus far variant by
MIKE HAWTHORNE & JORDIE BELLAIRE

9 | TO ME, MY EX-MAN


TWO S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS ARE HERE TO SEE YOU, MR. ADSIT.
AVENGERS WITH DEADPOOL
OH, WHERE DID THEY GO? NEVER MIND, THEY'RE GONE.
I FOUND THEM. THANKS, VIRGINIA.
YOUR SECURE S.H.I.E.L.D. LOG IN WAS ACCESSED FROM CANADA.
IT'S DEADPOOL, RIGHT? WHAT'S HE DOING WITH ACCESS TO OUR SECURE NETWORK?
HE MUST HAVE STOLEN IT. HE'S VERY GOOD AT WHAT HE DOES.
AND NOW I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU:
DOES S.H.I.E.L.D. THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO REMAIN UNDERCOVER AT THIS POSITION AFTER I'M VISITED BY TWO UNIFORMED AGENTS?
IF HE ACCESSED YOUR LOG IN THEN DEADPOOL KNOWS YOU'RE STILL WITH S.H.I.E.L.D.
NO MAN CAN BABYSIT WADE. I'M HERE TO WATCH THE OTHERS.
ANY IDEA WHY HE'S TRACKING VICTOR CREED?
SABRETOOTH?
OH, NO.
"OH, YEAH!"

I'M GONNA DO WHAT LOGAN NEVER COULD--

--PUT YOU DOWN!

GRRRREAAAAAAAR!

DAMMIT, WILSON!
YEAAANNG!!
AAAAAAGH SUMBITCH I'M GONNA%#$&%$ KILLYOU.
YOU REALLY WANNA DO THIS?
TO THE DEATH.
JUST REMEMBER...
...I GAVE YOU A SHOT TO WALK!
SLASH!
AARGH!

UGGHN.
YER A LOON.
YER OUT FOR MY BLOOD?
GRREAAAH!
HOW MANY BODIES YOU GOT?
YOU THINK AN AVENGERS I.D. CARD MAKES YOU BETTER'N ME?
YOU BURNED MY PARENT ALIVE!
FLNK
URCKK!

DO YOU SEE THAT TOO, OR AM I HALLUCINATING FROM BLOOD LOSS?
AW, CRAP.
SWEET

SCH BUS 015 172

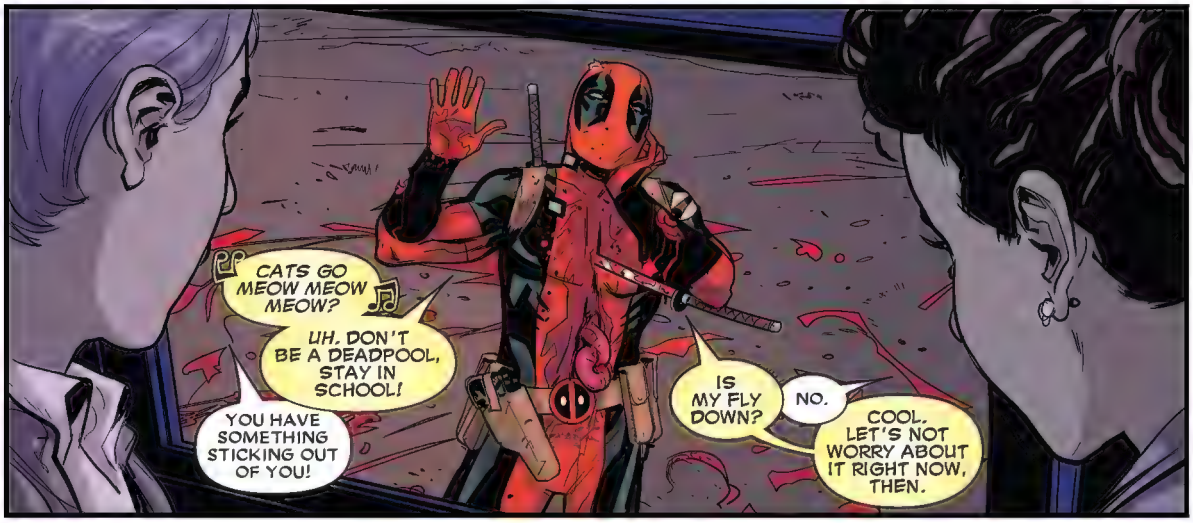
WHAT'RE YA PUNKS LOOKIN' AT?

HEY, KIDS! SING WITH ME!

THE WHEELS ON THE BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND, ROUND AND ROUND.

MY FISTS #$& UP SABRETOOTH'S FACE: POUND POUND POUND.

POUND POUND POUND.


CATS GO MEOW MEOW MEOW?
UH. DON'T BE A DEADPOOL, STAY IN SCHOOL!
YOU HAVE SOMETHING STICKING OUT OF YOU!
IS MY FLY DOWN?
NO.
COOL. LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW, THEN.

OWWWWWW.
SCHOOLBUS
507095
SHUKK

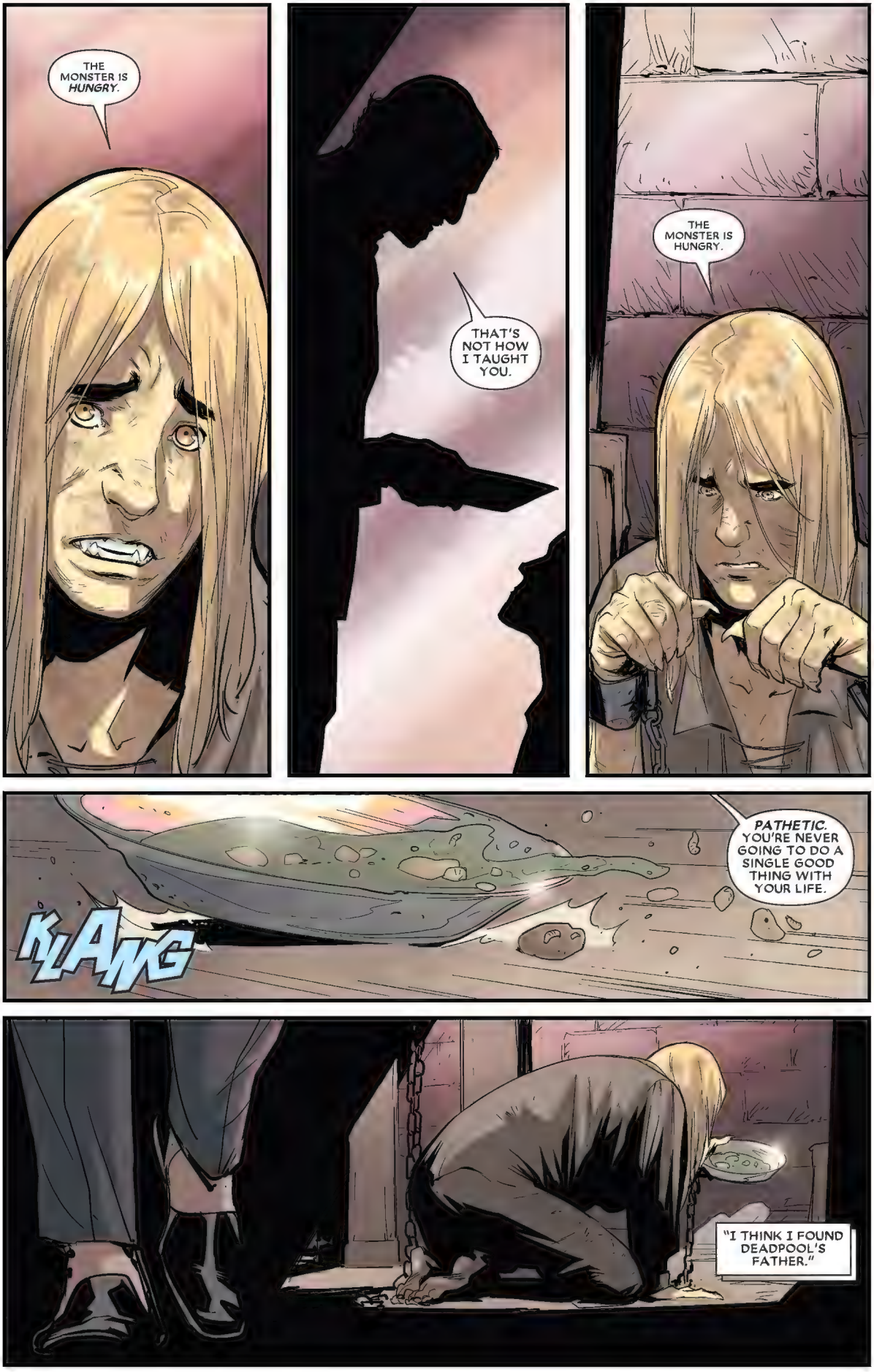
IT'S A GIRL!
I'LL NAME HER BEA.
NOW. WHERE WERE WE? OH, YEAH.
I'M LEAVING WITH YOUR HEAD.

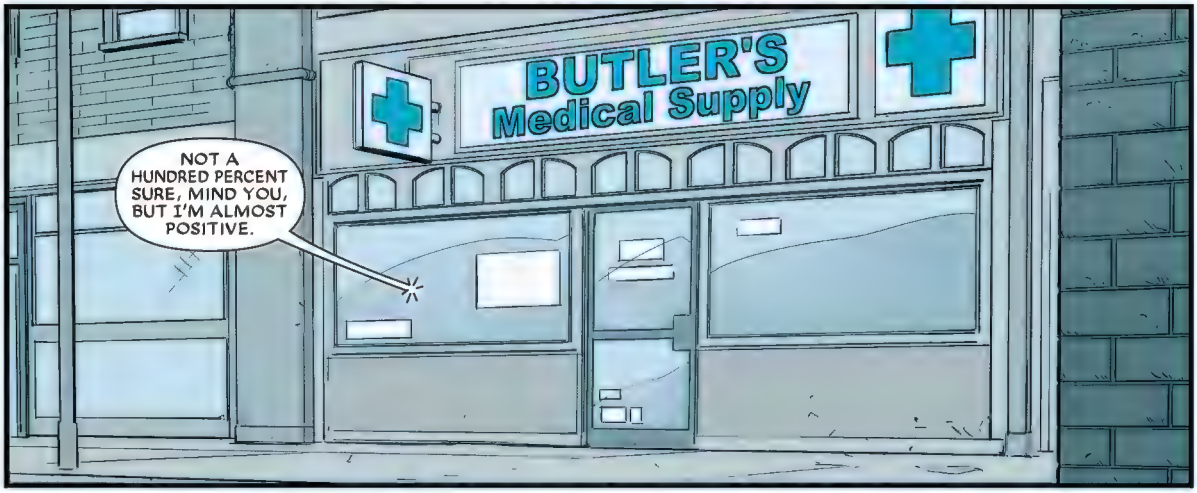
BEFORE I KILL YOU--I NEED TO KNOW SOMETHING.
MY MEMORY ISN'T SO HOT.
NOW YOU WANNA TALK?
I WANT TO UNDERSTAND.
JUST TELL ME: WHAT DID I DO TO MAKE YOU MURDER MY PARENTS?
IS--IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK HAPPENED?!
DON'T BOTHER TO DENY IT. ANY LAST WORDS?
YEAH...
BYE, FELICIA.
YOW!

WOMP
YEAAAANG!
WELL PLAYED, CREED.
WHOOSH
AEEEEE!!!
DON'T STOP!
AEEEEE!!!

HUHN.
DAMN FOOL--HUHN--DOESN'T REMEMBER.
HO-HOW... CAN HE NOT REMEMBER?
...KILLING HIS OWN FATHER?
I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT WANTIN' TO KILL YER OLD MAN.
I THINK ABOUT MY DEBTS. ALL THOSE LIVES I #%&$#$...YEAH, THAT'S ON ME. BUT MY OLD MAN SHOWED ME THE ROPES."

YOU'RE *DISGUSTING*, VICTOR.
I'M GLAD MY FATHER IS DEAD SO HE NEED NEVER SEE THE MONSTROSITY THAT HIS SEED DELIVERED INTO THE WORLD.
YES, FATHER.
DON'T CALL ME THAT, VICTOR.
I'M SORRY.
IS THE MONSTER HUNGRY?
YES.
THEN *SAY IT.*

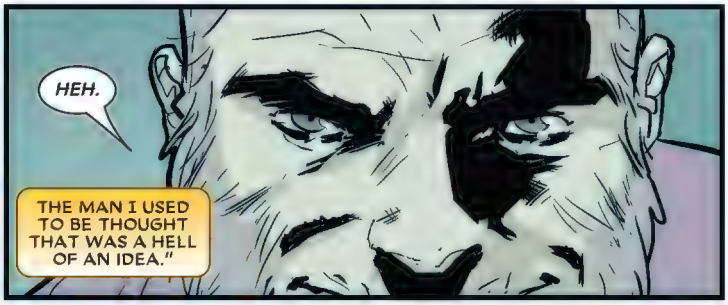

THE MONSTER IS *HUNGRY*.
THAT'S NOT HOW I TAUGHT YOU.
THE MONSTER IS HUNGRY.
PATHETIC. YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO DO A SINGLE GOOD THING WITH YOUR LIFE.
KLANG
"I THINK I FOUND DEADPOOL'S FATHER."


BUTLER'S
Medical Supply
NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT SURE, MIND YOU, BUT I'M ALMOST POSITIVE.

I WAS THINKING OF TESTING THE TRUE EFFECTIVENESS OF MY MIND-WIPING PROCEDURE.

I'D LIKE YOU TO CHAPERONE DEADPOOL'S NEXT HIT.
WHAT IF HIS NEXT JOB...WAS HIS FATHER?

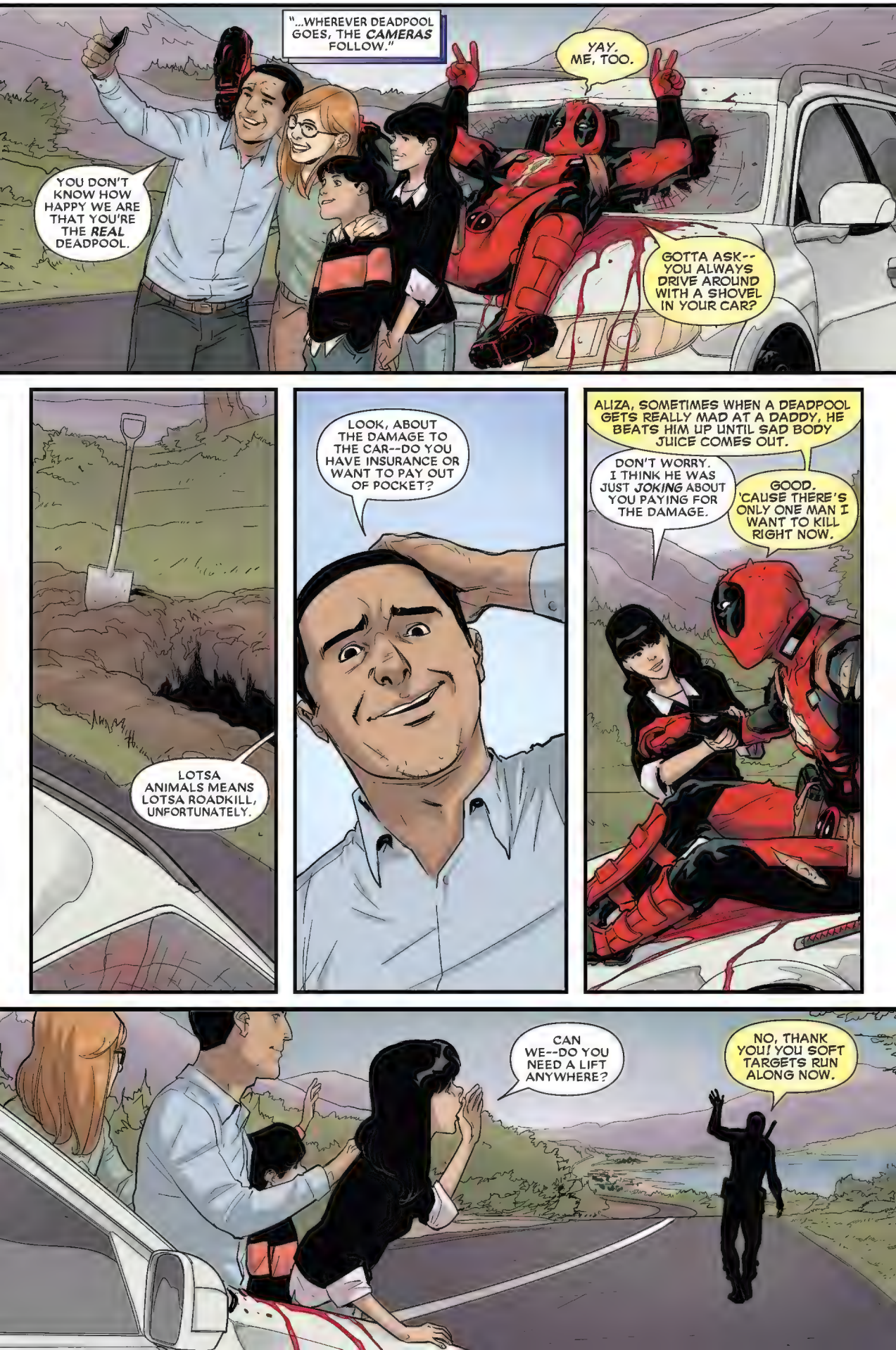
KILL HIS OWN *FATHER?*


HEH.
THE MAN I USED TO BE THOUGHT THAT WAS A HELL OF AN IDEA."

I KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK WHY BUTLER MANIPULATED WADE INTO BURNIN' HIS FAMILY.
I OUGHT TO KNOW.
THAT MAN WAS A SADIST. PURE AND SIMPLE.
BUT MAYBE WADE NEVER NEEDS TO KNOW THE TRUTH.
I SNUFFED OUT HUNDREDS OF LIVES. WHAT'S TWO MORE BODIES ON MY BOOKS?
I CAN HELP THE DAMN FOOL BY TAKING IT ON.
"YOU'RE PATHETIC, VICTOR."

MAGNETO?
WE HAVE AN IMPORTANT MISSION...
...AND YOU'RE LYING ABOUT LIKE ROADKILL.
END THIS DEADPOOL NONSENSE NOW.
ERIK, THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO FOR WADE. IT'S SOMETHING ONLY I CAN TAKE ON FOR HIM.
THAT *ANIMAL?*

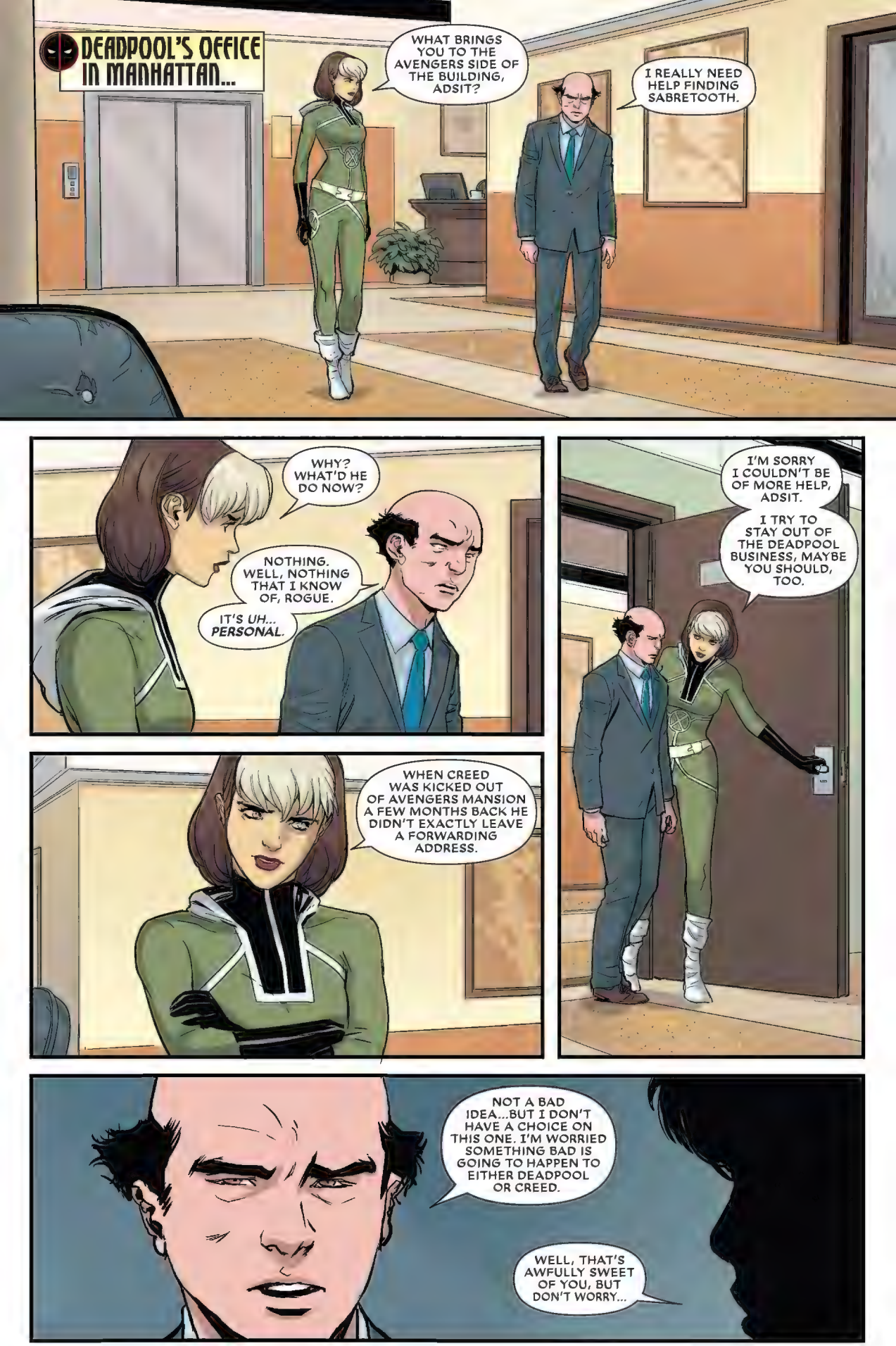
OUR KIND IS BEING HUNTED INTO EXTINCTION, VICTOR. THE TERRIGEN MISTS KILL US IN OUR SLEEP. STILL, NO ONE LIFTS A FINGER.
WHAT DOES DEADPOOL CARE OF OUR PLIGHT? HE IS BENEATH YOU.
SKRPOP
HANG ON. MY SHOULDER-- UGHN--I CAN HELP HIM.
HE'S NOT OUR KIND.
HE'S MORE LIKE ME AND YOU THAN EITHER OF US WOULD LIKE TO ADMIT.
HE'S BEEN TAKEN APART AND PUT BACK TOGETHER FOR NOTHING MORE THAN THE SATISFACTION OF A SADIST.
AND THERE'S SOMETHING THAT I CAN CARRY FOR HIM.
VERY WELL.
DO WHAT YOU MUST, AND DO IT QUICKLY. YOU TWO ARE DRAWING UNWANTED ATTENTION...


"...WHEREVER DEADPOOL GOES, THE CAMERAS FOLLOW."
YAY. ME, TOO.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY WE ARE THAT YOU'RE THE REAL DEADPOOL.
GOTTA ASK-- YOU ALWAYS DRIVE AROUND WITH A SHOVEL IN YOUR CAR?
LOTSA ANIMALS MEANS LOTSA ROADKILL, UNFORTUNATELY.
LOOK, ABOUT THE DAMAGE TO THE CAR--DO YOU HAVE INSURANCE OR WANT TO PAY OUT OF POCKET?
ALIZA, SOMETIMES WHEN A DEADPOOL GETS REALLY MAD AT A DADDY, HE BEATS HIM UP UNTIL SAD BODY JUICE COMES OUT.
DON'T WORRY. I THINK HE WAS JUST JOKING ABOUT YOU PAYING FOR THE DAMAGE.
GOOD. 'CAUSE THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN I WANT TO KILL RIGHT NOW.
CAN WE--DO YOU NEED A LIFT ANYWHERE?
NO, THANK YOU! YOU SOFT TARGETS RUN ALONG NOW.

ACTUALLY, I DO HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK.
WHAT'S THE WORST PLACE AROUND HERE?
THE BAR THAT YOUR FATHER WOULD BE AFRAID TO BE IN?
THE PLACE YOU WOULD NEVER BE CAUGHT DEAD IN, BECAUSE SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED THERE?
OH, THAT'S EASY.
JUST WALK A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROAD. BEFORE YOU GET TO THE HIGHWAY YOU'LL SEE A BIKER BAR CALLED KAMINSKY'S ON THE LEFT.
WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO THERE?
I HAVE TO COLLECT MY GEAR...

"...AND MEET A GUY FOR A BITE."
KAMINSKY'S
BEER
BURGERS
BEER
I'M READY FOR STEAK NUMBER FOUR.
KAMINSKY'S
AND THIS TIME, WHEN I SAY I WANT IT RARE--I WANT IT MOOING.
YE-YES, SIR.
A-ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
THROW A COUPLE MORE STEAKS ON...I'M EXPECTING COMPANY.

ALFRED


DEADPOOL'S OFFICE IN MANHATTAN...
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE AVENGERS SIDE OF THE BUILDING, ADSIT?
I REALLY NEED HELP FINDING SABRETOOTH.
WHY? WHAT'D HE DO NOW?
NOTHING. WELL, NOTHING THAT I KNOW OF, ROGUE.
IT'S UH... PERSONAL.
I'M SORRY I COULDN'T BE OF MORE HELP, ADSIT.
I TRY TO STAY OUT OF THE DEADPOOL BUSINESS, MAYBE YOU SHOULD, TOO.
WHEN CREED WAS KICKED OUT OF AVENGERS MANSION A FEW MONTHS BACK HE DIDN'T EXACTLY LEAVE A FORWARDING ADDRESS.
NOT A BAD IDEA...BUT I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE ON THIS ONE. I'M WORRIED SOMETHING BAD IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO EITHER DEADPOOL OR CREED.
WELL, THAT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, BUT DON'T WORRY...

"...THEY'RE BOTH UNKILLABLE."
I FEEL LIKE I'M ABOUT TO DIE!
KAMINSKY'S
THE FOOD WAS ALMOST AS TERRIBLE AS THE REASON YOU KILLED MY PARENTS.
ANYTHING ELSE, FELLAS?
HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU WANT ME TO APOLOGIZE?
FOR KILLING MY PARENTS?!
YOU CAN KEEP RIGHT ON APOLOGIZING.
I'LL COME BACK.
YOU KNOW HOW I WAS BACK THEN. I KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN I CAN REMEMBER.

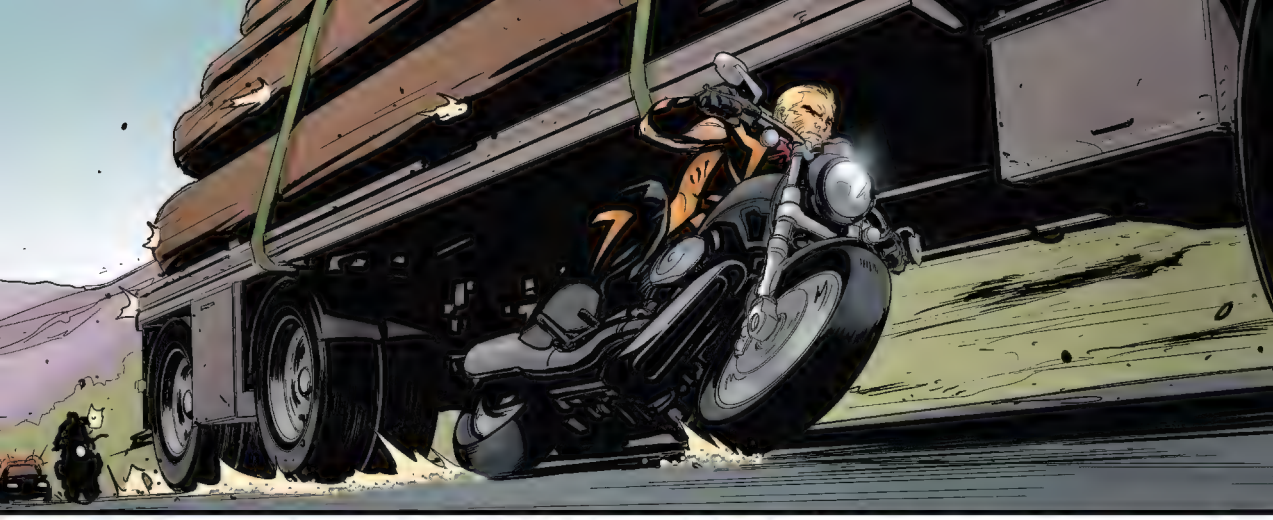
I JUST-- I THOUGHT YOU...
I WANTED TO PROVOKE YOU INTO PUTTING ME OUT OF MY MISERY.
I WANTED A WARRIOR'S DEATH.
I THOUGHT *YOU* COULD CROAK ME.
I WANTED YOU TO SUCCEED WHERE LOGAN FAILED.
YEAH, THAT'S IT.
CHECK?
I'M SORRY THERE AIN'T MORE TO SAY, AND I'M SORRY THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.
SORRY. STILL GOTTA KILL YOU.

I'VE BEEN AS PATIENT AS I'M GONNA BE WITH YOU.
AEEE!! NOT AGAIN!
WHY DON'T YOU GO ON SOME APOLOGY TOUR FOR ALL THE BODIES YOU DROPPED!
OUTSIDE. NOW.
I GOT SOMEONE WAITING ON ME, SO I'M GONNA GUT YOU QUICK AND SUGGEST YOU FORGET ME, LIKE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING ELSE IN YOUR MISERABLE LIFE.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
HEY! YOU FORGOT THE CHECK!
I DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT THE CHECK, I WAS JUST NOT GOING TO PAY.
I'M A SINGLE MOM.
FINE!
TIP ON THE CARD?

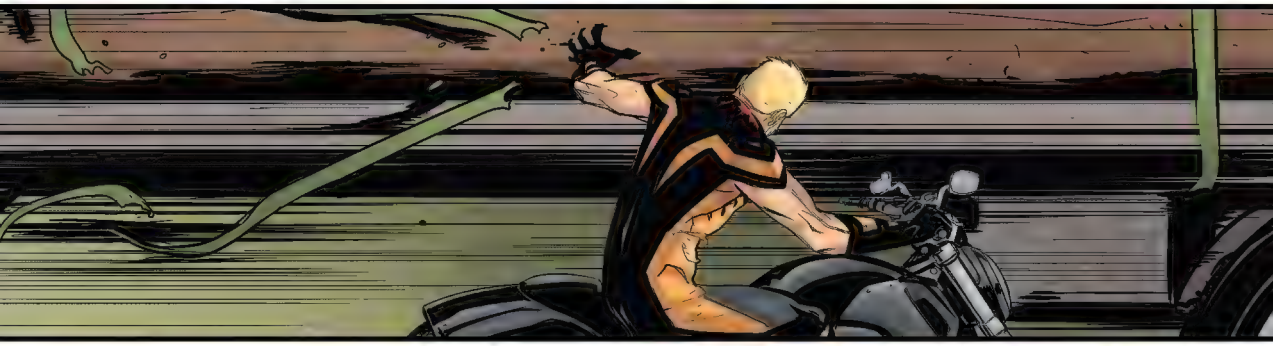
I WAS A DIFFERENT MAN BACK THEN. THAT'S AS CLOSE TO AN APOLOGY AS YER GONNA GET.
DON'T FOLLOW ME, WILSON. *IT'S OVER.*
THE HELL IT IS!
THANKS FOR THE LOANER!
GAK!
WHAT THE HELL, DUDE?
THAT'S *MY* BIKE!
URGE TO KILL-- *RISING.*
OKAY, ENJOY YOUR NEW BIKE.
CREED THINKS HE CAN JUST RIDE AWAY FROM ME?!

GOODNESS! HOW FAST WAS THAT LOONEY TUNE GOING?
I DUNNO!
SKRACK
THIS IS OFFICER SIDDIQUI...IN PURSUIT OF UH...A MOTORCYCLE PURSUIT?
I NEED AIR SUPPORT!

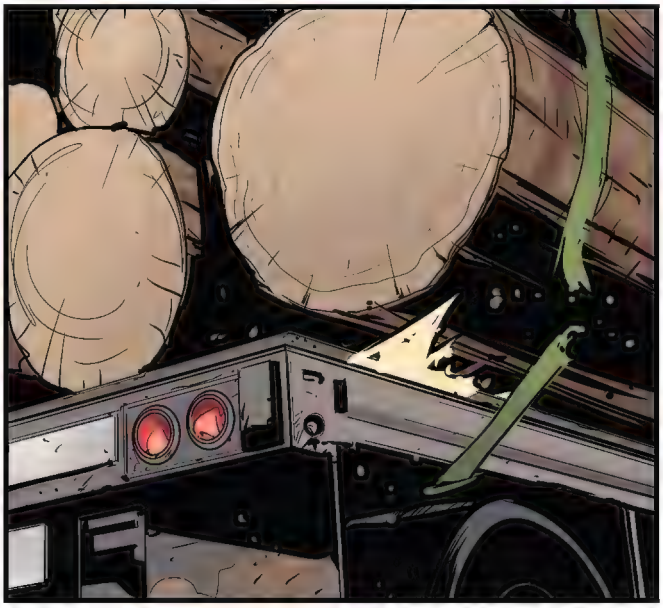
HEY CREED, YOU SUCK WORSE THAN THE BAND!
BLAM
SKREE!
DON'T GIVE ME THE NAUGHTY FINGER!
EAT A BAG OF DING-DONGS!
BLAM



I SHOULDA LISTENED TO MAGNETO.
THIS IS WHAT I GET...
SLASHSK



...FER TRYIN' TO HELP DEADPOOL.

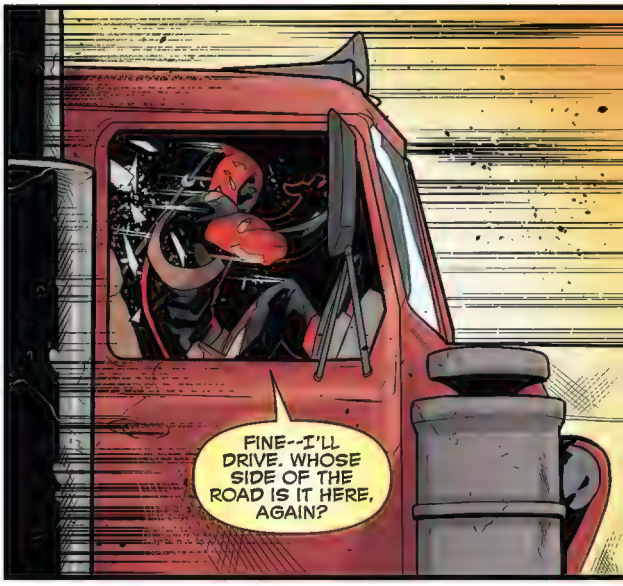


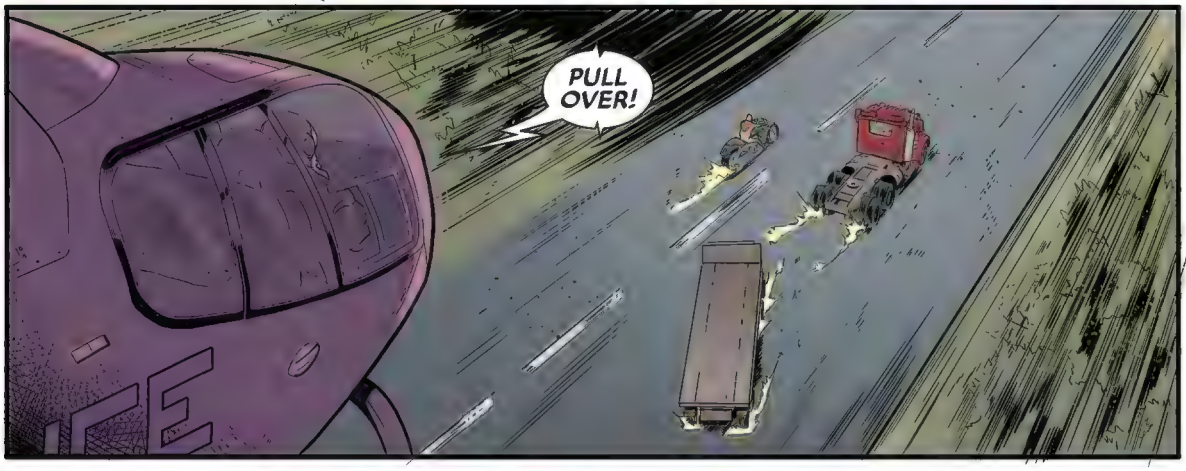
THIS ISN'T EVEN MY FINAL FORM, CREED!
SKABOOM
I'VE LEARNED HOW TO FLY!

HOW DARE YOU THROW WOOD IN MY GRILL?
BAM

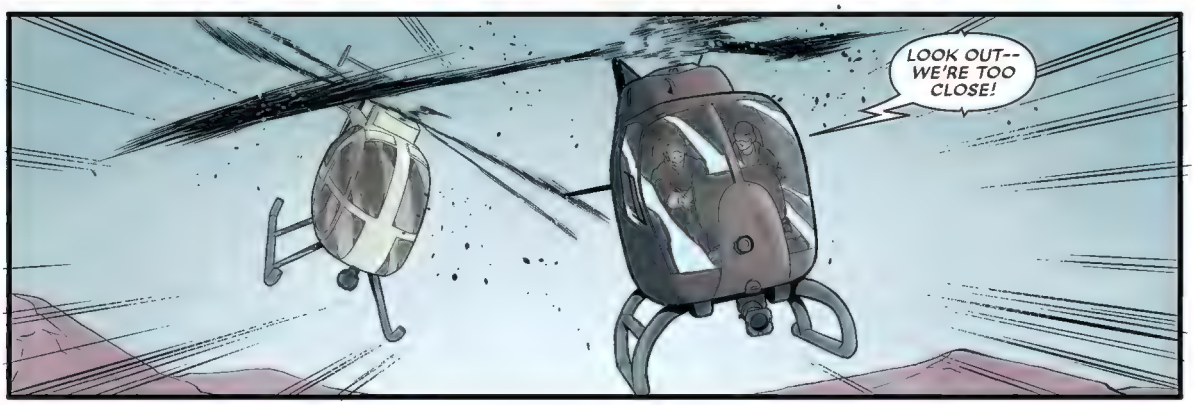
WORST. CIRQUE. EVER!
CREED!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
OH MAN, I KNEW THAT SPEED I GOT AT THE TRUCK STOP WAS BAD.
I'M GONNA LOSE SOME DEAD WEIGHT!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, SPIDEY!
AEEIII!
NO, NOT YOU--THE FLATBED.


FINE--I'LL DRIVE. WHOSE SIDE OF THE ROAD IS IT HERE, AGAIN?


PULL OVER!

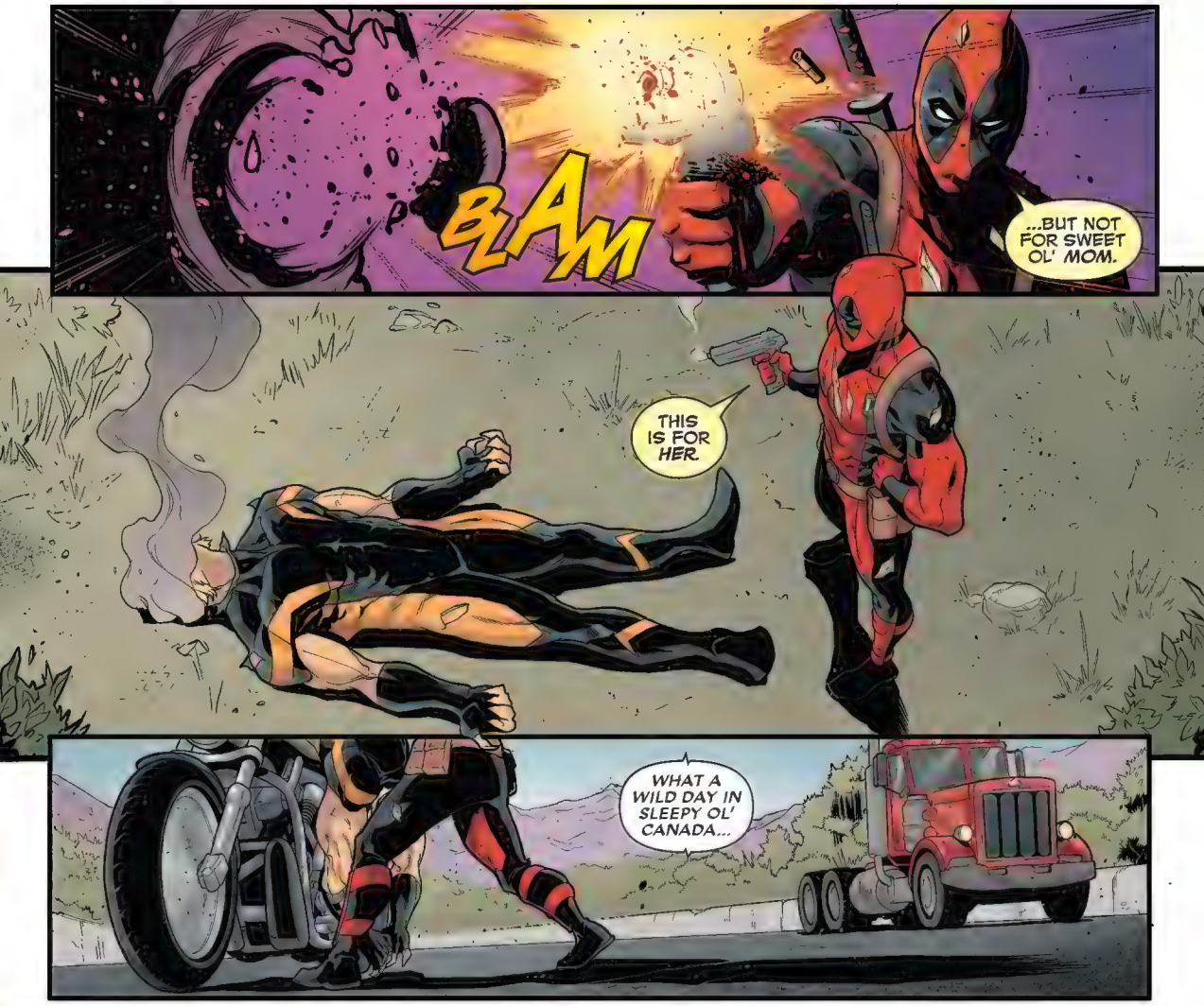
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY!
BESIDES, I'M LIKE CANADA'S JAMES BOND.


LOOK OUT--WE'RE TOO CLOSE!

KABOOM
HEY, IDIOT! TRUCE?
I'LL GET THE NEWS VULTURES, YOU GET TO THE COPPER CHOPPER.
WHATEVER.

THANK YOU!
NO PROBLEM.
YER DEADPOOL, RIGHT? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SPIDER-MAN WHEN WE WERE REPORTING ON THE CHASE.
I'M GONNA SHOVE YOU BACK IN THE FIERY WRECKAGE NOW.
YOU PIGS ALIVE?
SKRACK
LUCKILY, THEY AIN'T DEAD.
AND THESE TWO HACKS WILL LIVE SO THEY CAN CONTINUE TO PROVE THAT JOURNALISM IS DEAD.
GUESS YOU JUST BOUGHT TWO CRASHED COPTERS.
I'M GETTING BACK ON MY BIKE.
I CAN SEE THAT.
LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE THE *SAME*.

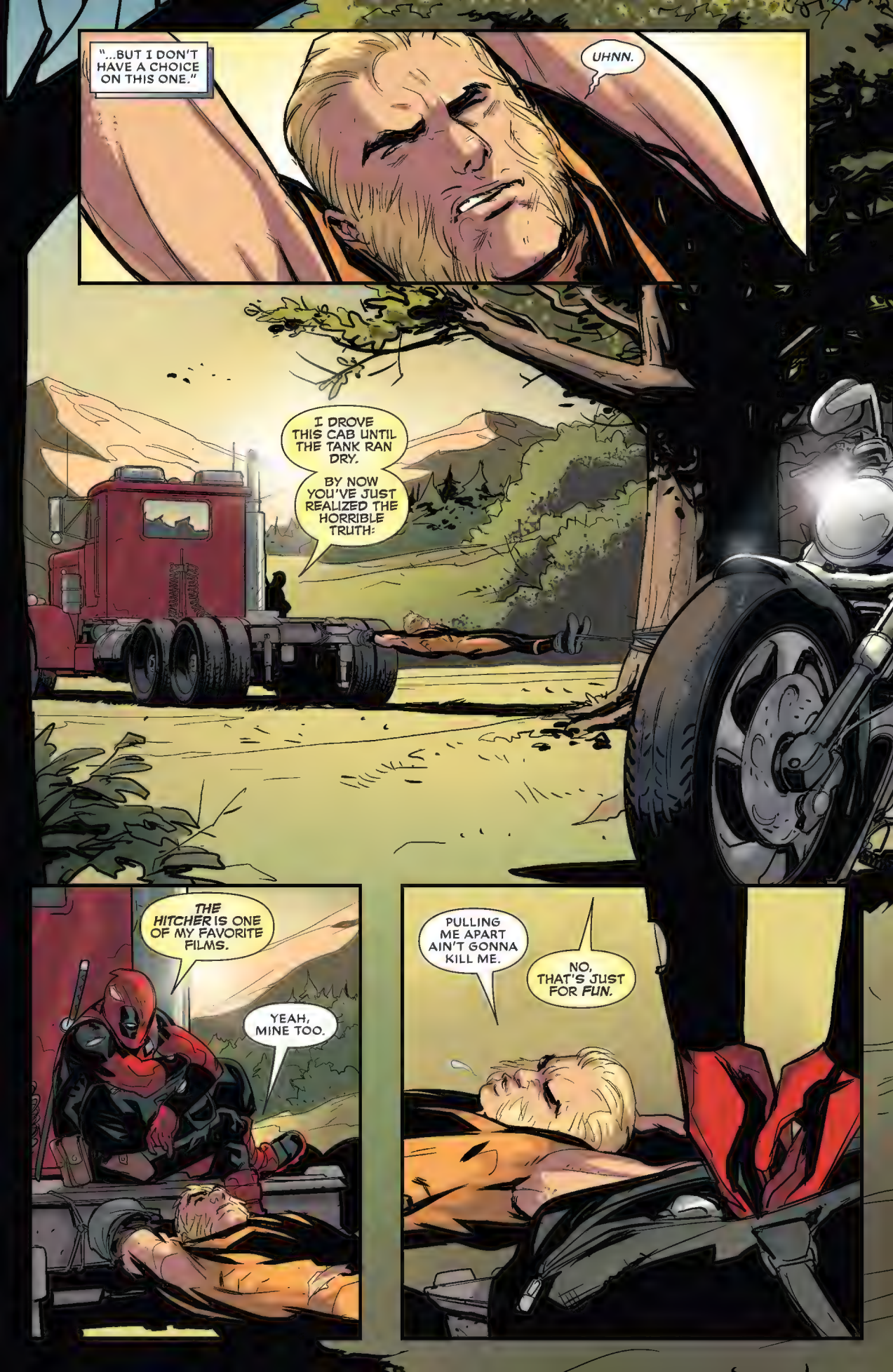
WE'RE BOTH JUST...JUST TRYING TO FOLLOW THAT PATH THAT LOGAN FOUND LONG AGO.
SO, YOU FORGIVE ME FOR YOUR OLD MAN?
I...FORGIVE YOU FOR MY DAD...


BLAM
...BUT NOT FOR SWEET OL' MOM.
THIS IS FOR HER.
WHAT A WILD DAY IN SLEEPY OL' CANADA...

...WHERE DEADPOOL FINALLY GOT HIS MAN.
KRRP NEWS STATION
MICHAEL, I'M COMING TO YOU! MEET YOU AT THE MONSTER METROPOLIS!
I NEED TO FIND SABERTOOTH AND DEADPOOL.
...
YOU NEED WHAT?!
ORDINARILY WE'D BE CONCERNED ABOUT A MASKED MAN SHOOTING SOMEONE, BUT HE IS AN AVENGER.

BUT, THERE'S A--I'M DEADPOOL'S PAL, SCOTT ADSIT.
SHH! DON'T SAY HIS NAME! THE QUEEN IS FURIOUS AT HIM!
NOW GO!
HEY, GUYS, IT'S COOL!
MONSTER METROPOLIS MUNICIPAL LIBRARY.
CHILL. ADSIT'S WITH ME.
THANKS, MICHAEL.
EXCUSE THE MESS, I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY SOME OF MY SPELLS ARE BUSTED RIGHT NOW.
YOU BRING WHAT I ASKED FOR?
I FINALLY FOUND IT IN ONE OF THE MANY COLD-CASE EVIDENCE BOXES OF CRIMES LINKED TO SABRETOOTH.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU NEED A STRAND OF CREED'S HAIR FOR...

...BUT I NEED IT BACK BECAUSE IT'S EVIDENCE--
÷AUCH÷
I'M GONNA PUKE.
SORRY. HIS HAIR IS A SPELL COMPONENT.
÷AUCH÷
GET READY.
WE WON'T HAVE LONG.
I REALLY WISH THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY...

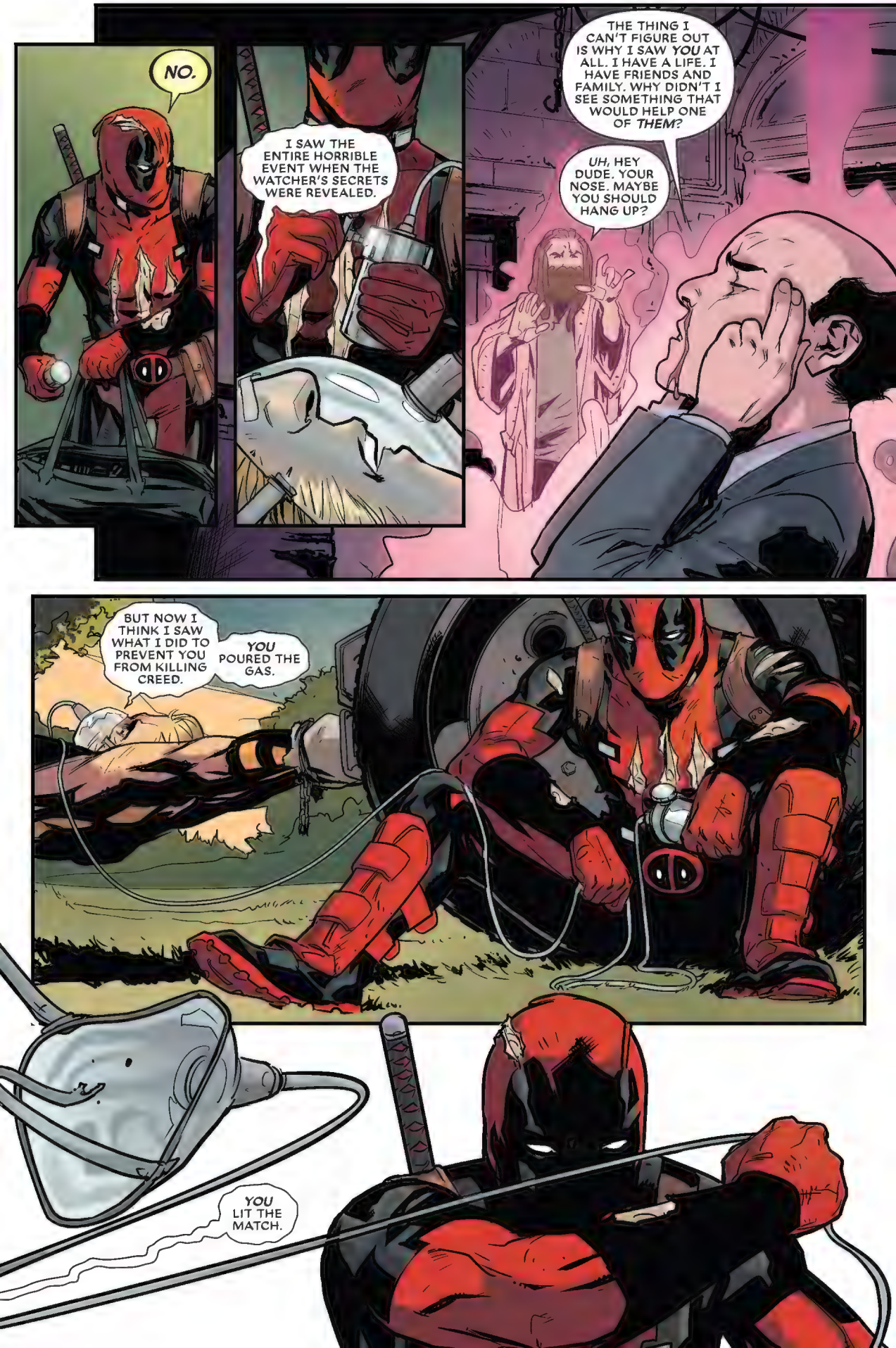

"...BUT I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE ON THIS ONE."
UHNN.
I DROVE THIS CAB UNTIL THE TANK RAN DRY.
BY NOW YOU'VE JUST REALIZED THE HORRIBLE TRUTH:
THE HITCHER IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE FILMS.
YEAH, MINE TOO.
PULLING ME APART AIN'T GONNA KILL ME.
NO, THAT'S JUST FOR FUN.

KILLING YOU IS WHAT THIS *TERRIGEN MIST* IS FOR.
THIS DEATH IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY... *THE TERRIGEN MISTS.* IT MAKES COCOONS, NEW INHUMANS AND BEST OF ALL--
KILLS MUTANTS DEAD.

ALL
RED

IF YOU KILL ME WITH THAT TERRIGEN MIST YOU'LL THROW AWAY EVERYTHING YOU BUILT UP THE LAST FEW YEARS.
YEAH. I'M OKAY WITH THAT.
HOW LONG DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE THIS LAST ANYWAY?
NNGH.
DEADPOOL. HI.
IT'S SCOTT ADSIT.
NICE TRY, CREED. IF YOU'RE REALLY ADSIT, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE ALBUM OF ALL TIME?

INVISIBLE TOUCH BY GENESIS.
KEEP IT SHORT. YOUR BRAIN CAN'T TAKE MUCH OF THIS.
ADSIT. GET OUT OF CREED'S HEAD...
...I'M ABOUT TO SHOOT IT.
DON'T! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK YOU DOWN.
MICHAEL'S CAST A SPELL SO THAT I CAN SPEAK THROUGH CREED, BUT IT WON'T LAST LONG.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO MAKE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.
I KNOW YOU THINK CREED KILLED YOUR PARENTS, BUT YOU'RE WRONG.
GONNA GIVE CREED THE GAS FACE NOW.
YOU KILLED THEM.


NO.
I SAW THE ENTIRE HORRIBLE EVENT WHEN THE WATCHER'S SECRETS WERE REVEALED.
THE THING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS WHY I SAW *YOU* AT ALL. I HAVE A LIFE. I HAVE FRIENDS AND FAMILY. WHY DIDN'T I SEE SOMETHING THAT WOULD HELP ONE OF *THEM*?
UH, HEY DUDE. YOUR NOSE. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HANG UP?
BUT NOW I THINK I SAW WHAT I DID TO PREVENT YOU FROM KILLING CREED.
YOU POURED THE GAS.
YOU LIT THE MATCH.

I'M SORRY, WADE.
I'M SORRY, TOO.
WHAT THE *HELL* JUST HAPPENED?!
NEVER MIND. YOU GOTTA TRUST ME--IT'S NOT WHAT--
I KNOW I DID IT.
YOU REMEMBERED?
I...I WANTED TO TAKE ON THAT BURDEN FOR YOU.
WHAT ARE MORE BODIES ON MY SCALES? WHAT'S ONE MORE SWORN ENEMY?
THOUGH...I KIND OF *UNDERESTIMATED* HOW BATCRAP YOU WOULD GO THINKING IT THROUGH.
CUT ME LOOSE?
SURE.

BUT I'M GONNA DO IT WITH THE TRUCK.
NOT ONLY DID YOU WHACK MY FOLKS, I REMEMBER THAT YOU KILLED *VANESSA*.
DIDN'T *YOU* TRY TO KILL HER, TOO?
MAYBE? I'M GONNA JUST BELIEVE THAT WAS ONE OF BUTLER'S IMPLANTED MEMORIES.
WADE, I'M SORRY I DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM KILLING YOUR PARENTS, BUT THIS AIN'T GONNA BRING THEM BACK.
WADE!
GANDALF?

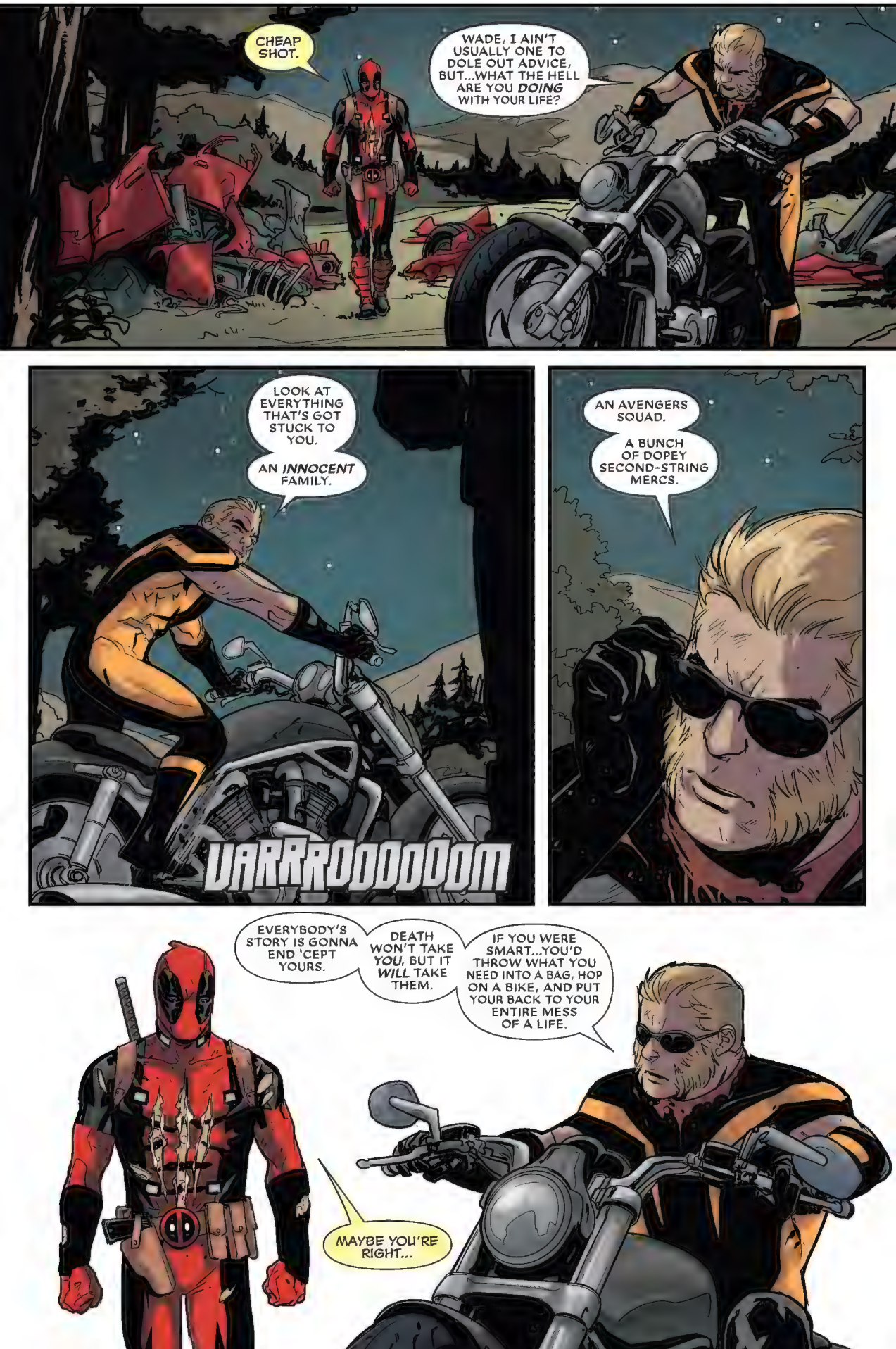
I'M DISAPPOINTED, VIKTOR.
BESTED BY DEADPOOL-- THE *WORST* AVENGER.

CAN I...USE THAT?
GAKK.
HE DIDN'T BEAT ME. I WAS PLAYIN' POSSUM.
SNORT
YOU INTENDED TO KILL CREED WITH THIS TERRIGEN MIST, DID YOU NOT?
THE MAGIC BULLET AGAINST THE MUTANT IS FINALLY REAL.
IT AIN'T TRUE, ERIK.
HE'S GOT THAT FOR RESEARCH. THE AVENGERS ARE LOOKING FOR A CURE.
ERIK, I KNOW YOU SEE DEMONS EVERYWHERE, BUT DEADPOOL AIN'T WHAT YOU THINK HE IS.
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THE AVENGERS CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO US? THAT DEADPOOL CARES?!

HIS DAUGHTER'S A *MUTANT.*
OR SHE *WILL* BE IN A FEW YEARS. HIS OLD NEMESIS MADE THE DISCOVERY.
MAYBE THIS GIRL IS ONE OF THE *LAST NEW MUTANTS.*
WADE'S DOING THE RIGHT THING FOR *HER.*
SHRRRP
GASP
I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD HEAR A GOOD REASON NOT TO KILL YOU.
I'LL GIVE YOU *ANOTHER.*
WHA--

NOW I HAVE TWO COMPELLING REASONS TO LET YOU LIVE.
I'M GOING TO HOLD YOU TO THAT, DEADPOOL.
FOR YOUR SAKE: DO NOT CROSS ME.
GOOD LUCK PROTECTING THE GIRL.
WOW, THAT WAS SOME QUICK IMPROV. I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T TRY TO SELL THE LIE BY SAYING ELLIE IS GOING TO SHOOT LASERS OUT OF HER EYES OR SOMETHING.
IT AIN'T NO LIE, WADE.

YOU CAN FIND BUTLER AND ASK HIM YOURSELF.
I ALREADY *KILLED* BUTLER.
GOOD.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW SHE EXISTED.
ELLIE'S *REALLY* A MUTANT?
BUTLER SURE AS HELL THOUGHT SO.
I'M *SORRY*. SO MUCH FOR HER SHOT AT A *QUIET* LIFE.
HOPEFULLY WE CAN BURN ALL THE T-MIST OUT OF THE AIR BEFORE HER X-GENE KICKS IN.
WHY?
...WHY SAVE ME FROM MAGNETO AFTER I TRIED LIKE HELL TO KILL YOU?
CUZ THAT'S WHAT LOGAN WOULD'VE DONE.
AN' I DUNNO. I'M A SADIST. I LOOK FORWARD TO DOING ALL THIS AGAIN WHEN YOUR STUPID BRAIN FORGETS IT ALL OVER.


CHEAP SHOT.
WADE, I AIN'T USUALLY ONE TO DOLE OUT ADVICE, BUT...WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *DOING* WITH YOUR LIFE?
LOOK AT EVERYTHING THAT'S GOT STUCK TO YOU.
AN *INNOCENT* FAMILY.
VARRROOOOOOM
AN AVENGERS SQUAD.
A BUNCH OF DOPEY SECOND-STRING MERCS.
EVERYBODY'S STORY IS GONNA END 'CEPT YOURS.
DEATH WON'T TAKE *YOU*, BUT IT *WILL* TAKE THEM.
IF YOU WERE SMART...YOU'D THROW WHAT YOU NEED INTO A BAG, HOP ON A BIKE, AND PUT YOUR BACK TO YOUR ENTIRE MESS OF A LIFE.
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...

...BUT ONLY ONE OF US JUST SAT IN SUPERGLUE.
WHAT?!
IF I PUT SUPERGLUE ON YOUR BIKE, IT WAS BACK WHEN I WANTED TO MURDER YOU WITH T-MISTS.
ALL THOSE MINUTES AGO.
JUST IN CASE YOU ESCAPED ME AGAIN.
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
I SHOULD HAVE LET ERIK KILL YOU.
BYE, VIC! I'LL NEVER NOT WANT TO KILL YOU.
GET SOME HELP, WADE!
FINALLY, SOME DECENT ADVICE!

ACTUALLY, CREED'S RIGHT.
IT'S TIME TO SEE THE DOCTOR...

IS IT TRUE, DOC?
DID I MURDER MY PARENTS?
WADE, LET'S BACK UP FOR A MOMENT.
YOUR MEMORY WAS CONSTANTLY BEING STOLEN FROM YOU. BUTLER SAW TO THAT. BUT...OVER TIME YOU BEGAN TO GLIMPSE FRAGMENTS. MEMORY IS ELASTIC.
"IT'S LIKE I REMEMBER FORGETTING SOMETHING, BUT NOT WHAT I'VE FORGOTTEN."
QUITE RIGHT. WHEN YOU FIRST SUSPECTED WHAT YOU WERE MADE TO DO WHILE UNDER BUTLER'S CONTROL, YOU CAME TO ME FOR *HELP*.
I'M AFRAID THE BEST I COULD DO IS TEMPORARILY BLOCK YOU FROM REMEMBERING THOSE HORRIFIC MEMORIES.
Larry Kitter

I DID SO AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT AND UNDER EXTREME DURESS.
BUT YOUR PROPENSITY FOR SELF-HARM CONVINCED ME THAT BLOCKING THOSE MEMORIES WOULD BE IN YOUR BEST INTEREST.
THIS IS *ME*, ISN'T IT?
IT'S A MESSAGE FROM ME TO ME... LETTING YOU OFF THE HOOK FOR TAMPERING WITH MY MEMORY.
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE FULLY REMEMBERED...
...AND THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVEN'T ATTEMPTED TO *KILL* ME FOR IT.
THAT'S PROGRESS!
I WON'T TROUBLE YOU AGAIN.

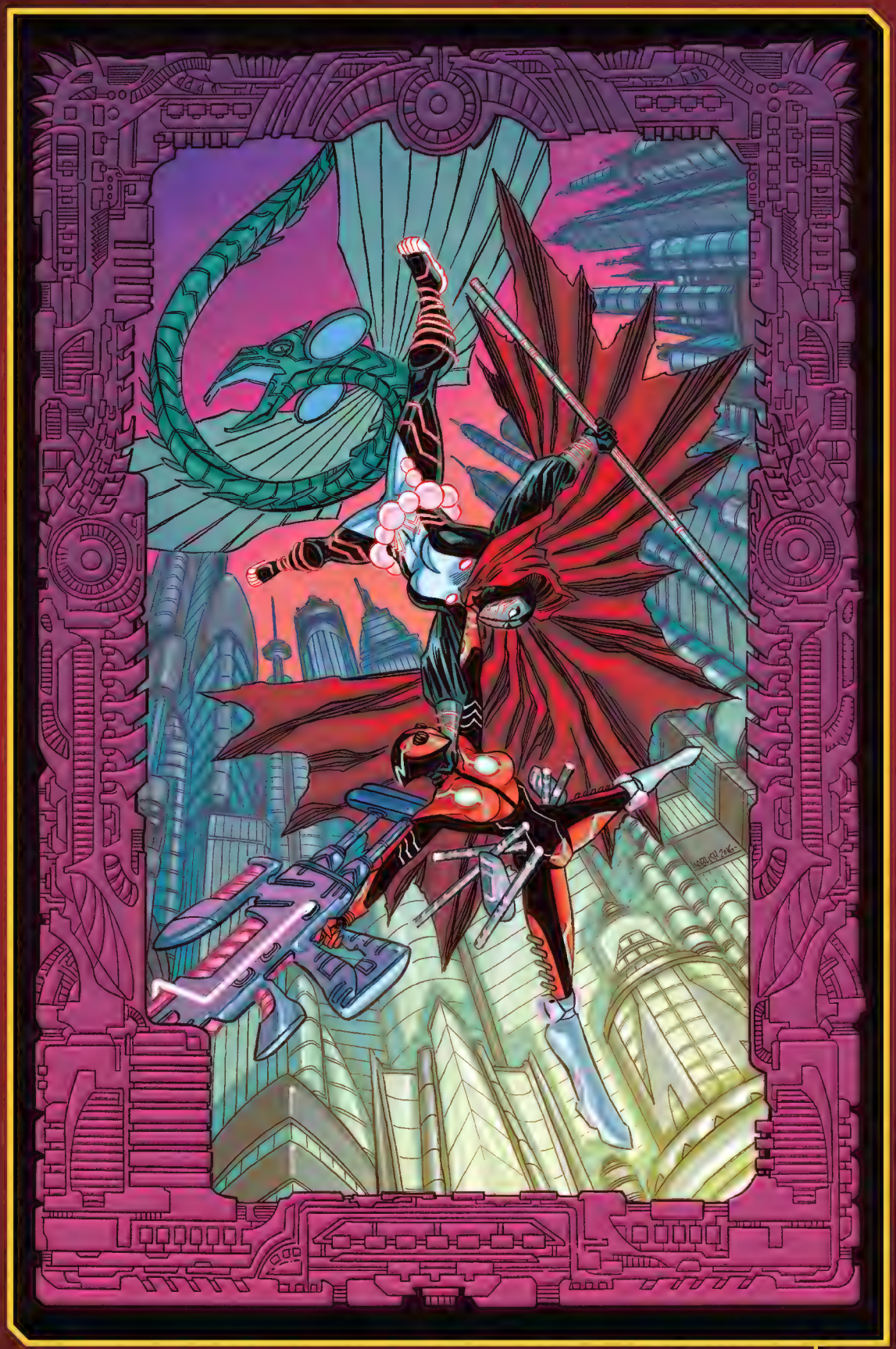
DOES...DOES STEVE ROGERS KNOW?
NO.
I'D APPRECIATE A LITTLE DOCTOR/PATIENT CONFIDENTIALITY.
OF COURSE.
HE'S GONE, WONG.
BY CROM, I WAS NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO SCRUBBING BLOOD TONIGHT.
WHAT A MANIAC.
YES. BUT A MANIAC MADE BY CRUEL MEN.

"LET'S DRINK TO WADE WILSON FOR ALWAYS GETTING BACK ON HIS HORSE."
BEER
GET. OUT.
YE-YES SIR.
LOGUE! COME OUT HERE!
IT'S ALL HERE. I WROTE IT ALL DOWN. JU-JUST LIKE YOU SAID.
NAMES. DATES. JOBS. WHATEVER I COULD REMEMBER ABOUT YOUR PAST AND BUTLER. I DID MY BEST.
SORRY. LEAVING.
I HOPE IT'S WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

IT...IS?
NO.
I'M NOT DOING IT ANYMORE.
NO, WAIT-- IT'S NOT A TRICK. I WROTE IT ALL DOWN LIKE YOU SAID!
DON'T HAVE ANOTHER HEART ATTACK. YOU DID FINE. I JUST...I DON'T CARE ANYMORE.

I CAN'T KEEP LOOKING BACKWARDS.
I'LL WASTE MY LIFE.
I HAVE TOO MUCH TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
MAKES SENSE. CA-CAN I PUT THIS FIRE OUT?
YES. WHEN THE BOOK IS BURNED.
THANK YOU FOR ASKING.
A MOUNTY IS GONNA COME LOOKING FOR HIS HORSE--TELL HIM HE'LL BE AT THE BORDER CROSSING.
YOU CAN TELL 'EM YOURSELF, LOOKS LIKE.
YOU THERE! ON OUR STOLEN HORSE!
This is an uncharacteristically upbeat end for you, isn't it?
I'LL DEAL WITH YOU SOON ENOUGH.
AND STAY OUT OF MY HEAD, MADCAP.

I ORDER YOU TO HALT!
I SAY THEE NEIGH!
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, COPPERS!
THE END, THANK ODIN.



POSSIBLY THE MOST SKILLED MERCENARY OF THE CENTURY, AND DEFINITELY THE MOST DANGEROUS, WARDA WILSON WREAKS HAVOK ACROSS THE WORLD OF 2099, REBELLING AGAINST SOCIETY AND DOING THINGS HER OWN WAY. DAUGHTER OF A FAST-TALKING MERCENARY WITH A HEALING FACTOR AND A DEMONIC SUCCUBUS QUEEN, WARDA HAS NEVER FIT IN ANYWHERE...SO SHE MAKES HER HOME ON THE OUTSIDE, LIVING BY HER OWN RULES. CALL HER THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HER THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HER...

DEADPOOL

WASSUP TO ALL MY POOLIES! IT'S ME, *WARDA WILSON--DEADPOOL!*

I KNOW, I KNOW--YOU'RE USED TO READING ABOUT MY PATHETIC, SORRY EXCUSE FOR A FATHER, *WADE WILSON.* WELL, I AIN'T HIM.

I'VE GOT THAT OLD BEARDY MOTHERSHOCKER LOCKED AWAY TO *ROT*... AT LEAST UNTIL HE FINALLY BREAKS AND TELLS ME WHAT HAPPENED TO MY DEMONIC MOTHER, *SHIKLAH.*

UNTIL THEN, IMMA KEEP RAISING HELL AND CAUSING TROUBLE WITH MY VERY OWN PERSONAL GANG OF HENCHES, *THE BOBS.*

OH--AND THERE'S ALSO THIS GREY-SUITED 'POOL-LOOKING CHUMP POUNDING HER WAY THROUGH THE STREETS LOOKING FOR ME.

WHATEVER. I'M NOT WORRIED. I'M DEADPOOL. WHAT COULD STOP ME?

LI'L DEADPOOL 2099 ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE 2099

WHOEVER'S DOWN HERE IS GONNA STAY DOWN HERE FOREVER WHEN I SLICE AND DICE YOUR WINDPIPE!
YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD BONUSES TO *SNEAKING--*
--WELL, I GOT BETTER SECURITY STATS!
I *HATE* COMING DOWN HERE.
MY MOTHER RULED A GHETTO-- IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A KINGDOM!
BUT NOBODY SHOULD EVEN KNOW ABOUT THE *MONSTER METROPOLIS* ANYMORE... IT'S A DEAD CITY.

...IT'S A DEAD CITY

DEADPOOL 2099 CHAPTER TWO

I'M SORRY I FAILED, MISTRESS. IF YOU SUMMON A MAGE, PERHAPS--

NO NEED FOR A MAGE, FOR I HAVE NO NEED OF *FAILURES.*

NO, WAIT!

WHASSK

WHAT WOULD SOMEONE WANT WITH MY FATHER'S OLD CRAP?

HUH. NOTHING'S EVEN MISSING.

WAIT-- WHAT WAS HERE?

⇒GASP⇐ IT'S GONE!

OH, NO.

AUTOPILOT, REROUTE TO SAFE HOUSE. EXECUTE ON MY COMMAND.
ACKNOWLEDGED.
KLIK
AND PUT THIS HOLODRIVE INTO RECOVERY MODE AND BOOT IT UP.
COPY THAT.
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME! DON'T &#$% THIS UP.
CHILL.
WHY WOULD WE RESURRECT THE ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY?
CHAKK

THERE'S NO REAL ENVIRONMENT LEFT TO PROTECT, IS THERE?
THAT MONEY COULD BE BETTER USED TO DIG A MOAT INSIDE OUR BORDER WALL.
EVERYTHING IS TERRIBLE. SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING A LONG TIME AGO.
NOK NOK
NO! GO AWAY! I DON'T WANT ANY FINGER COUNTDOWNS!
NO EXPLOSIONS HERE, SEÑORITA!
BLOOOOM
YEAAAOOOO!
WHAT THE HELL?
WHOA, EXPLOSIONS HAVE GOTTEN ALL GROOVY SINCE THE LAST TIME I GOT TO BLOW ANYTHING UP.
=COUGH=
MY TV! HOW WILL I WATCH TV?
WAIT...
...I CAN JUST KILL SOMEONE WHO HAS A TV AND TAKE IT FROM THEM.

ZZZAP
ZAPP
WADE WILSON.
COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE AGAIN.
DID ROGERS SEND YOU? CABLE?
ROGUE?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.
WHY DO I HAVE TO TAKE THE SNUGGLE SEAT?
SHUT UP FOR A WHILE, WADE.
SMELL THAT PUTRID 2099 AIR!
WHEE!

ALERT!
BREACH AT SAFE HOUSE.
WADE WILSON HAS ESCAPED.
NO!
THIS WAS A DISTRACTION!
BOBS!
CONVERGE ON THE SAFE HOUSE!
WE'RE ON IT, LADY!
BOB
SHIKLAH'S DEPENDING ON US!
GET ME THERE!

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THAT FLOPHOUSE AGAIN!
THOUGH... IT WAS RENT-CONTROLLED AND ONLY 750 GRAND A MONTH.
WE SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO THE "HOLOGRAM RENT WAS TOO HIGH" GUY, BUT WE NEVER DID.
STOP TALKING.
WHO ARE YOU ANY--
GAH!
HANG ON!
SARK
HEY! IT'S LIKE WE'RE IN A MURDER PARADE!
YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH I MISSED BEING SHOT AT!
LORD, DO YOU EVER SHUT UP?!
TOTALLY RAD BOMB INBOUND!
HI! MY NAME IS
BOB
WHOA!
LOOK AT THIS IDIOT! HEY LADY, LEMME BORROW A GUN, PLEASE?
HANG ON!
WADE!
AH!

GUN ME?
DON'T NEED GUNS. THIS GRAV-BOMB WILL DO THE TRICK.
BOOM
BUMMER, MAN!
AEEEEEEIIIIIII!
HAH!
HI! MY NAME IS BOB
THANKS FOR THE SAVE AND THE LAUGHS, BUT YOU SHOULD DUMP ME AND RUN.
I DO THAT, AND YOUR DAUGHTER WILL ONLY SCOOP YOU BACK UP.
I HAVE NO DAUGHTER!
NOT ANYMORE, ANYWAY.
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

EXTRA CRISPY!
FWASH
YEAAAARGH!
YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME BACK!
AUTOPILOT ENGAGE!
THE HOLODRIVE IS RECOVERED AND READY TO REBOOT.
CHAK
DECENT!
WADE, STAY WITH MY BIKE AND BRING THE HOLOGRAM UP TO SPEED. I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU.
WHAT HOLOGRAM?! AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

I'M TAKING THE FIGHT TO HER!
I KNEW A HOLOGRAM. WHAT WAS HER NAME?
YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME, WARDA!
DON'T CALL ME THAT!
MY NAME'S DEADPOOL!
YEAH, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT THAT.
GET OFF!
YOU'RE THROWING THE DRAGON OFF BALANCE!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA SHUT ME DOWN AND--WAIT-- WHERE AM I?!
GASP
OH!
IT'S YOU.

WADE?

WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE A CALIFORNIA RAISIN'S TURD?

NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, PRESTON.

I GOT OLD. UNLIKE SOME HOLO-PEOPLE.

BOB

SERIOUSLY, YOU LOOK LIKE ZOMBIE IGGY POP.

WHAT YEAR IS IT?

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER DOING WAS FIGHTING WITH WARDA, AND--

BOB ONE IS FIRING!

AND BOB TWO IS *CHEERING!*

BOB TWO FORGOT HIS BLASTER.

TOTAL "YEESH."

ZARK

BOB

URK!

YER LUCKY I DON'T HAVE A GUN, WAIT-- I FORGOT, I *DO* HAVE A GUN.

THERE'S AN AUTOPILOT ENGAGED.

THIS DESTINATION CAN'T BE RIGHT--

HOLD STILL!

AHH!

BOB

BOB

BOB

YOU SUCK, OLD MAN!

GAKK!

SPLACK

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THAT GUN. LET'S JUST GO, PLEASE.

IS THE CLOCK ON THIS SKY BIKE CORRECT?

THE YEAR IS 2099?!

YEAH, THAT DATE COMES UP A LOT. THERE'S A LOT OF DATES. WHY IS IT ALWAYS THAT ONE?

YOU SHOULD FEEL GRATEFUL, PRESTON. YOU'RE THE *LUCKY* ONE!

I'D RATHER BE TURNED *OFF* THAN WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW--WHO FREED US?

I DUNNO. I THOUGHT IT WAS *YOU* AT FIRST.

THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT UNIFORM, THOUGH. MIGHT BE AN OLD FRIEND?

WHOEVER RESCUED US...

"...IS ON THEIR OWN UNTIL THEY RENDEZVOUS WITH US."

IMPOSTOR!

YOU'RE A CRUEL SNAKE, JUST LIKE YOUR MOMMA.

WHUDD

SHUT YER MOUTH!

UGHN!

CHANGE OF PLANS--AND DIRECTION!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! LET GO!

THAT TOWER!

ARE YOU CRAZY?! WE COULD'VE BOTH BEEN KILLED!

IF YOU'RE GONNA SWIPE *MY NAME*, AT LEAST KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT--

--DOING CRAZY S#$% COMES WITH THE TITLE.

WHO *ARE* YOU?

SKRAKKBOOM

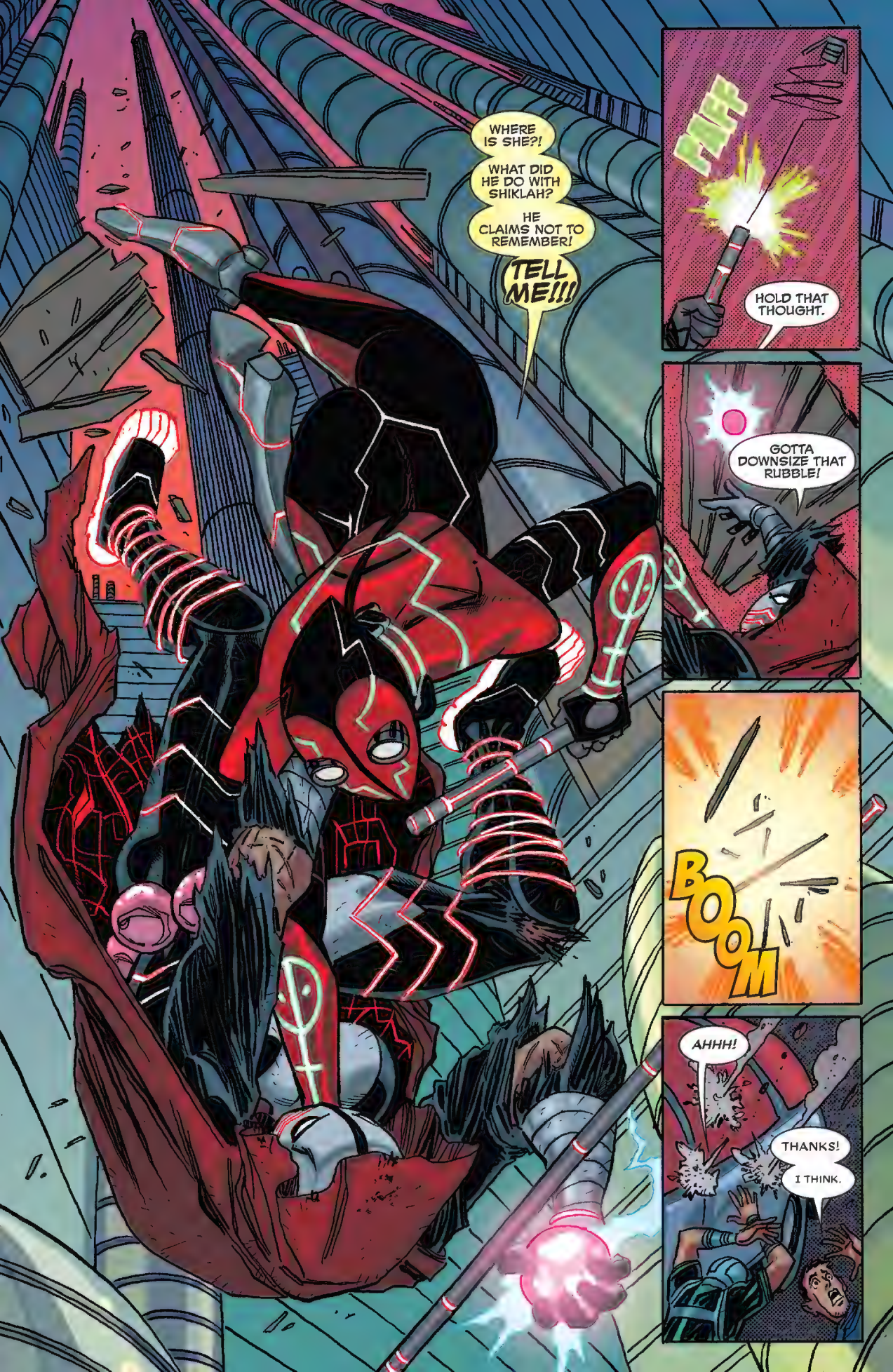
AND WHERE'S MY MOTHER?!

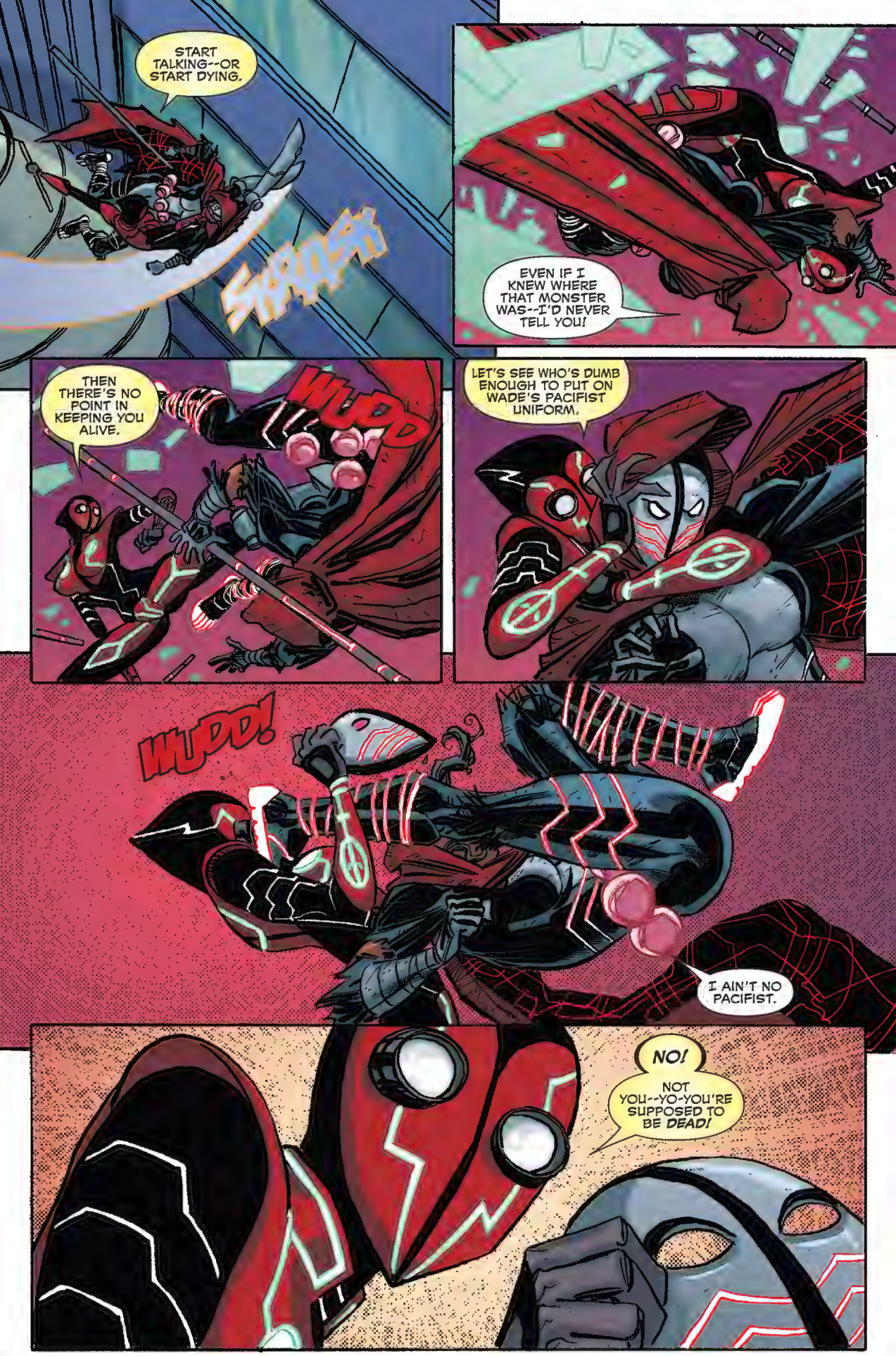
AW, DOES LITTLE WARDA WANT HER MOMMY?

GOT BAD NEWS. YER GONNA NEED A NEW MOMMY--

BZZT

--AND A NEW RIDE!


WHERE IS SHE?!
WHAT DID HE DO WITH SHIKLAH?
HE CLAIMS NOT TO REMEMBER!
TELL ME!!!
CLIP
HOLD THAT THOUGHT.
GOTTA DOWNSIZE THAT RUBBLE!
BOOM
AHHH!
THANKS!
I THINK.


START TALKING--OR START DYING.
SHOOSH
EVEN IF I KNEW WHERE THAT MONSTER WAS--I'D NEVER TELL YOU!
THEN THERE'S NO POINT IN KEEPING YOU ALIVE.
WUDD
LET'S SEE WHO'S DUMB ENOUGH TO PUT ON WADE'S PACIFIST UNIFORM.
WUDD!
I AIN'T NO PACIFIST.
NO!
NOT YOU--YO-YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

ELLIE!
I HAVE *WORSE* NEWS FOR YOU. NOT ONLY AM I ALIVE, BUT I'M GOING TO FREE WADE AND TAKE BACK THE FAMILY NAME.
THERE'S ONLY *ONE* DEADPOOL. AN' YER LOOKING AT HER.
NOW I'M GONNA STRAIGHT-UP *JOHN WICK YOUR ASS.*
TO BE CONTINUED...

#8 classic variant by
HOWARD CHAYKIN &
JESUS ABURTOV

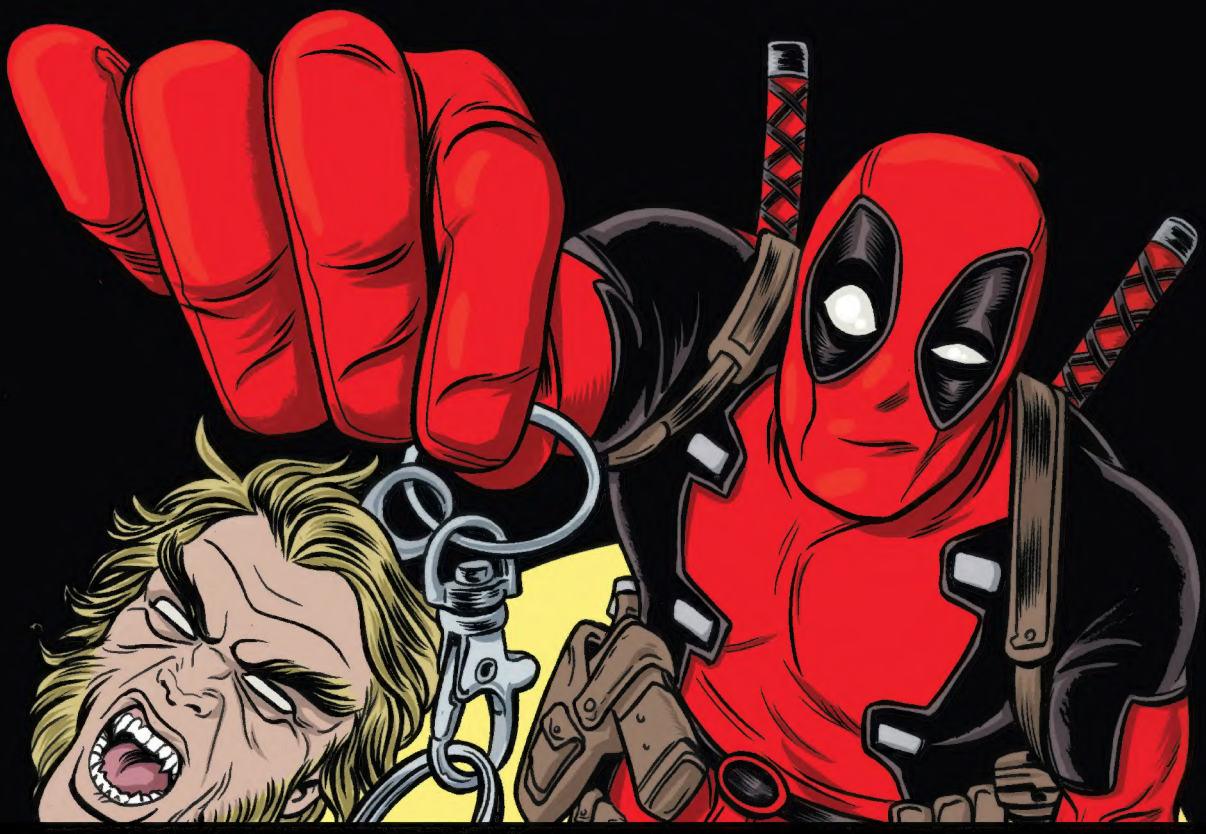
#8 women of power variant by
ANNIE WU

#10 civil war variant by KALMAN ANDRASOFSZKY

#11 age of apocalypse variant by KALMAN ANDRASOFSZKY

MARVEL

"Embrace the Deadpool bandwagon and get ready for some more fun, action-packed hilarity from our favorite Merc with a Mouth." – All-Comic.com



WHEN TWO UNKILLABLE KILLERS GO TO WAR, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S ALL OVER?

THESE TWO WEAPON X ALUMNI ARE ON A COLLISION COURSE because Deadpool thinks Sabretooth killed his parents. Only…Wade did the dirty deed himself and has no idea! Oops. Hidden secrets, healing factors and horrific violence collide as Deadpool's misplaced quest for vengeance threatens to blow up in his face. But as DP and SB battle tooth and claw, what's Magneto going to do about it? Meanwhile, the Mercs for Money make moolah in the mouthy one's name while Wade tries to come to terms with being a global hero and an Avenger after a lifetime as an inveterate degenerate. Plus: Deadpool 2099 returns – but who is Zenpool 2099?

COLLECTING ***DEADPOOL (2015) #8-12*** – BY GERRY DUGGAN, MATTEO LOLLI, SCOTT KOBLISH, RUTH REDMOND AND NICK FILARDI.

PARENTAL ADVISORY